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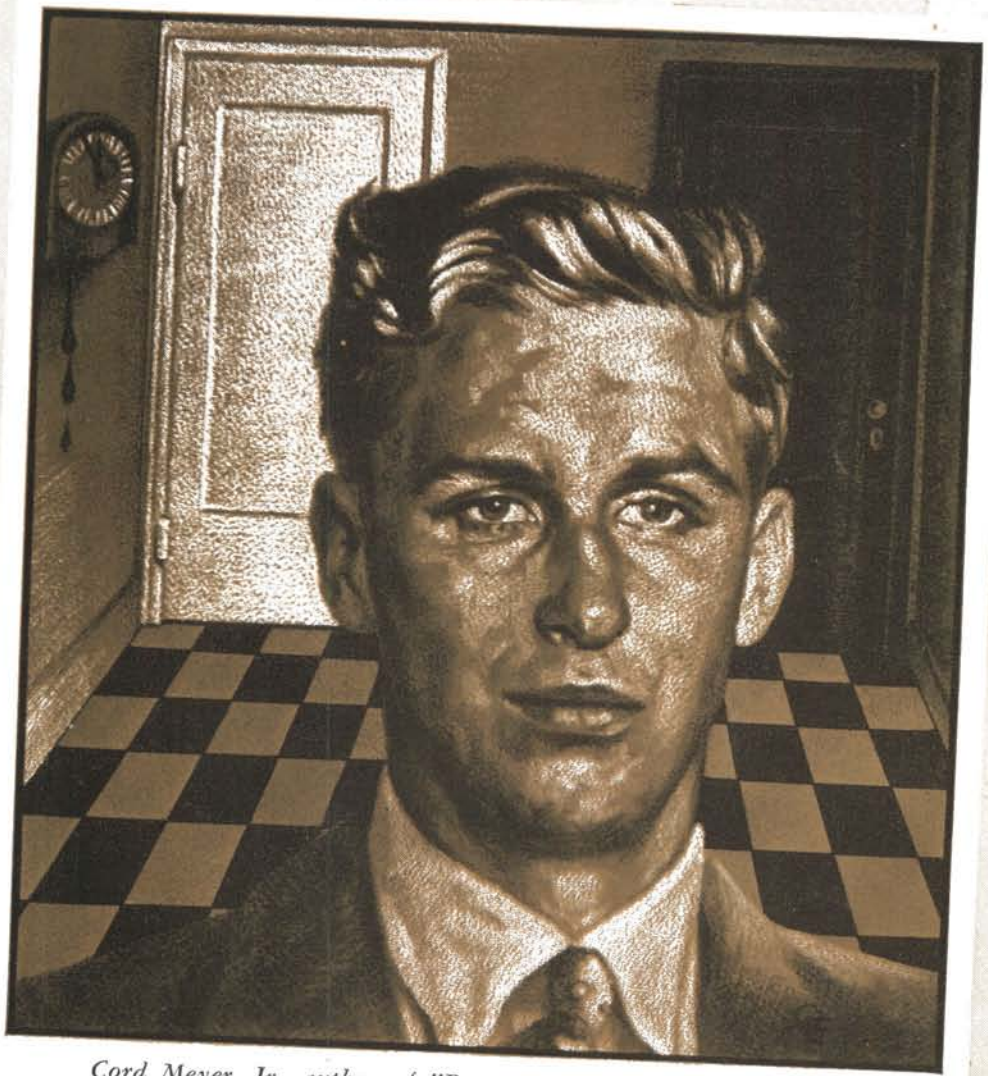

Cord Meyer, Jr., author of "Peace or Anarchy." (See page 12)

Diarist of the Middle-Class Mind

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

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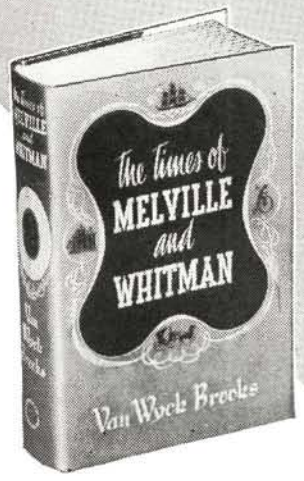

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc. 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 44, November 1, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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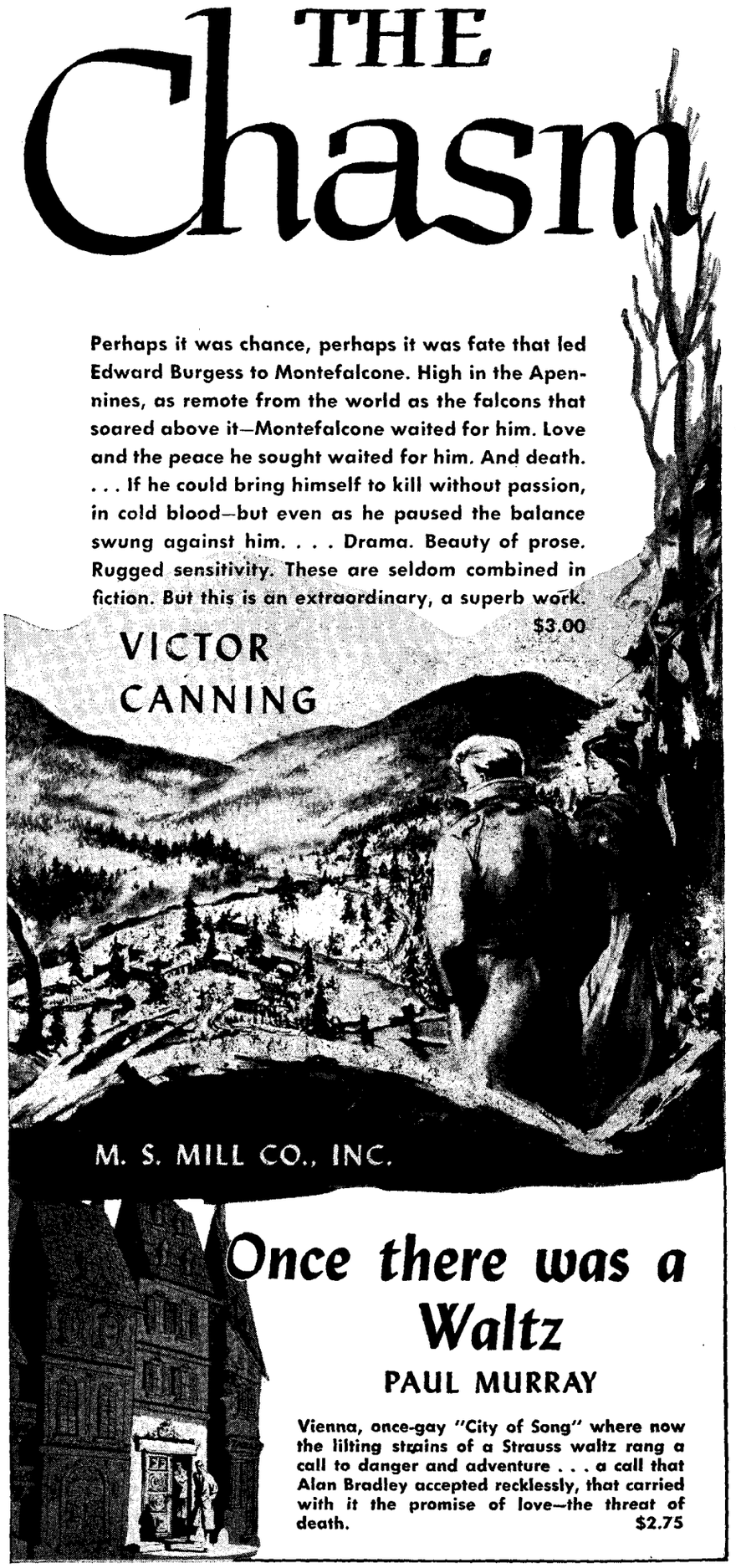
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TRADE Winds

A WANDERING PUBLISHER, I....

WHEN WINSTON AND SALEM were consolidated in 1913, a new name of Twin Cities was all but adopted when somebody consulted the record book, and discovered that Salem dated back to 1766, Winston to 1851. The difference of almost a hundred years made use of the word "twin" slightly incongruous! Today, Winston and Salem are as different as possible, the former a modern manufacturing center, the latter cherishing old mansions, names, and vistas. Over both of them hovers the rich aroma of tobacco that comes from the enormous cigarette factories in the heart of Winston. I smelled it as I stepped off the plane. "You won't need a cigarette here," Peggy Davis, editor of the *Salemite*, hastened to assure me. "Just strike a match and inhale!"

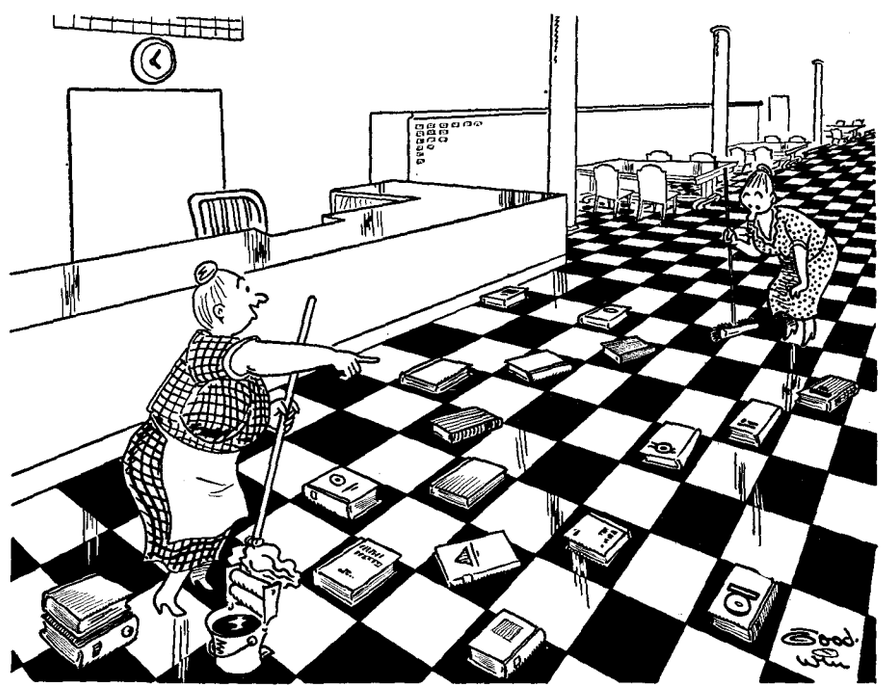
The standing joke of the community (I heard it three times in two hours) concerns the merchant who placed a million-dollar order with one of the biggest cigarette manufacturers in North Carolina, then demanded to see the secret formula. The owners assured him that this was impossible, but when he threatened to tear up the contract, they held a hurried council of war, and then reluctantly led him to the factory. Six sets of huge steel doors were rolled open, and the merchant found himself in a closely guarded vault. First one workman would empty a shovelful of tobacco into a vat, and then another workman would contribute a shovelful of fertilizer. They worked with a machine-like precision, not even looking up when the visitors entered the vault.

"Well, now you know," sighed the president of the firm, "and I suppose you're going to cancel your entire order." "Cancel nothing! I'm going to double it," roared the merchant jovially. "I didn't know you put any tobacco into those cigarettes!" . . .

THE NAME OF REYNOLDS is a potent one in Winston-Salem. Robert Wilder's "Written on the Wind" is still the most-discussed novel in town. John Winkler's "Tobacco Tycoon" sold more copies in Winston-Salem than it did in Boston and Chicago combined. . . . Most deeply loved is Dr. Howard Rondthaler, former assistant pastor of the Moravian Church and for the past thirty years president of Salem College, which has ten pretty girls and traditions per square inch. Here a group of sturdy colonists migrated from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in the eighteenth century, and built the lovely church that still adjoins the campus. Its Easter ceremonies are attended annually by visitors from a dozen states. The Moravian Church, Dr. Rondthaler tells me, has only 30,000 members in the United States, but has established more successful missions in outlying corners of the world than other denominations a hundred times as big. Salem College itself is interdenominational, and its 450 girls (not to mention fifty or so rather sheepish ex-GI's) are a cross-section of the entire South. One of them was in the act of purchasing a Modern Library edition of the "Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud" when Miss Jess Byrd introduced me to E. D. Snavely, the campus bookseller. . . . Dr. Rondthaler rather fancies the picture of himself in the North Carolina issue of *Holiday* magazine. He also recalls with pleasure the visits of two other *SRL*ers: John Mason Brown and Harrison Smith. The latter arrived for an evening lecture, took one look at the student body, unpacked, and stayed a week. . . .

RICHMOND IS THE LATEST city to inaugurate a series of Book and Author dinners, sponsored jointly by the Junior League and the Miller & Rhoads department store. Peggy O'Neill, Miller & Rhoads's bookbuyer (and long a key figure in the publishing world), and Arthur Bergholz, who came down from Marshall Field to revolutionize the book department at Thalhimer's, both told me that the dinners had sent their sales figures spiraling to the sky. . . . Dr. Douglas Freeman, biographer of Lee and Washington, reluctantly doffed his black silk mandarin cap, with the jaunty red button atop it, and presided over the October dinner. He waxed only mildly lyrical over Irita Van Doren and myself, but when he came to Joseph Bryan, III, local boy who made good, the doctor pulled out all the stops, and gave the history of the Bryan family since the day when Patrick Henry stood before Richmond's St. John's Episcopal Church and cried, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Bryan spoke feelingly of the troubles he and Admiral Halsey had encountered in co-authoring the latter's life story. The admiral, one of the frankest and most popular men in naval annals, had shot the works in his first draft, and did not take too kindly to suggestions for cuts by more diplomatic associates. . . . Too late for inclusion in the book, a correspondent pointed out an interesting fact: The battle of Agincourt, the charge of the Light Brigade, and the battle of Leyte Gulf all had taken place on October 25. . . . In 1942, Admiral Halsey suffered so severe an attack of dermatitis that he had to come home from the Pacific and sub-



"I jump your 'Gentleman's Agreement' with my 'Saxon Charm'."

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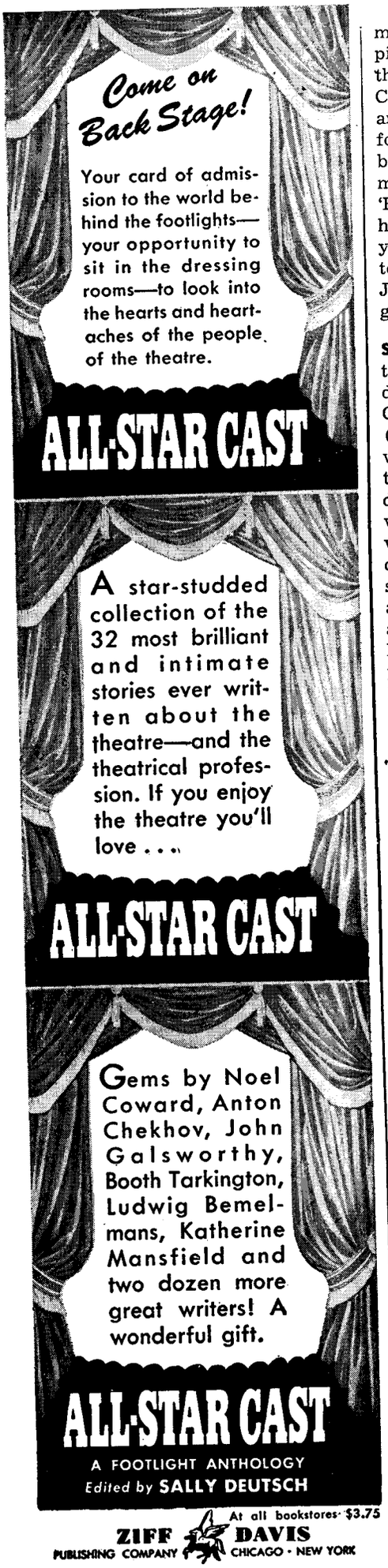
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mit to treatment at a Richmond hospital. When the pain was most acute, the admiral sent for the Reverend Carter Harrison, an old school chum, and said, "Carter, I want you to pray for me." The reverend was gratified, but somewhat surprised. "This is more than I would have expected, 'Bull', in light of your previous behavior," he admitted. "Just what do you wish me to pray for?" Halsey told him, "I want you to pray that the Japs get the same damn disease I've got!" . . .

SEATED AT THE speakers' table were two other young authors who have done Richmond proud: Kathleen Crawford, who wrote "Straw Fire" (Morrow), and Allen Matthews, who wrote "The Assault" (Simon & Schuster). . . . One of them told me of a dinner at the University of Virginia, where the very superior wife of a very superior literary critic asserted coldly, "This academic life is so petty, so utterly barren. I don't see how all of you can stand it." "I was just about to remark," observed an English professor gently, "how perfectly you fit in here." . . . My train for the North left from a building with the name "Union Station" carved into the stone-work above the entrance. To the people of Richmond, however, it is known as the "Broad Street Station." The man who named it "Union" has never had the nerve to confess his grievous error. . . .

IN PHILADELPHIA, I visited the plant of Westcott & Thomson, where the final plates of the new Random House "American College Dictionary," in preparation for four years, were in process of completion. Westcott & Thomson have done the composition work for many of the country's best-known dictionaries and Bibles. . . . The whole city was buzzing with news of the increase in the price of *The Saturday Evening Post* to fifteen cents, scheduled to start with the November 15 issue. The *Post's* advertising rate (now $10,500 per non-color page) was also headed for a hike of about six per cent, according to the *Wall Street Journal*. The *SEP* will now sell for three times its price in 1939; *Collier's* is up from five cents to ten; *Life* from ten to fifteen; *Good Housekeeping* from twenty-five to thirty-five; *The Ladies' Home Journal* from ten to twenty-five; and *Newsweek* from ten to twenty. Rapidly mounting costs have made these increases imperative, despite the fact that all the periodicals named have benefited from vastly augmented advertising revenues. Bear that in mind the next time you are irked because book prices have gone up slightly! . . . *Time* magazine, incidentally, has broken down its readership, department by department, by sexes. On the basis of 2,400 personal interviews, it has discovered that for every 100 male readers, only fifty-two women read the sport section, sixty-eight business, seventy-four science, seventy-five Latin America, and seventy-six Canada. On the other hand, 121 go for cinema, and 118 for theatre. The book section, scored at 115, is *Time's* third most popular feature with its women readers. . . .

THE "HELP WANTED" SECTION of *The New York Times* recently carried an ad that attracted considerable attention in the publishing world. "Secretary Wanted," it headlined in bold face, and went on to explain,

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A young lady I know, too inquisitive for her own good, answered the ad just to discover who had inserted it, but two weeks later her curiosity was unsatisfied, for she received no answer. Several secretaries in other publishing houses, scenting greener pastures, were equally in the dark.

Everybody agreed, however, that it was a beautiful, *beautiful* advertisement.

BENNETT CERF.

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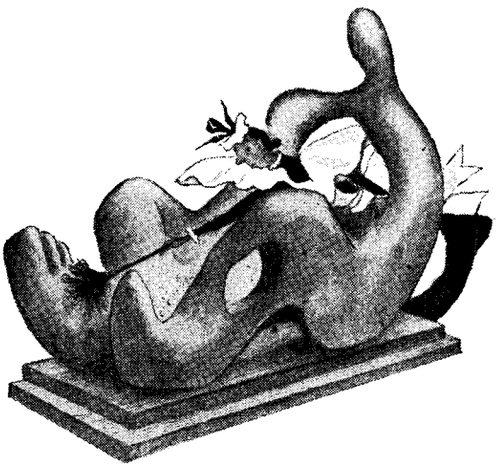

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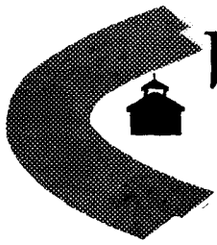

Why we walked out...

WHEN we were a whistle britches we went to a one-room country school, and as it should be, it was made of red brick. The two entry doors (one for boys, one for girls) were painted white, and the belfry was white too. There was a hill for sliding in winter, and a woods nearby where we went flowerpicking each spring. But the time of year we liked best was not spring and winter, and surely not the first nor the last day of school. The time we liked best was October. By then, the strangeness of being back in school had worn off, and if it were a good year we were likely to scrawl on our slate: "We love our titcher." If it were a bad year, by the time the last day of school came around, we were not above joining the chant: "No more pencils, no more chalk . . ."

What has loosed this flood of remembrance is the jacket for Benjamin Fine's OUR CHILDREN ARE CHEATED. There on the jacket is a little red schoolhouse, not very different from the one we attended – and the letters in the title are identical with the ones from which we learned our alphabet. But the real stirrer-upper is the swatch of yellow-gold in the background, a very special shade of yellow – the exact shade that the leaves of a particular tree in the schoolyard turned this time of year. It was the *Populus tremuloides*, but we called it a popple. There were elms there that went dull yellow and russet, and maples that turned scarlet or rose, veined with apple-green. But the lone popple stood out by itself: its leaves went all yellow-gold, and quivered and shimmered in the sun with the faintest breeze. We remember taking one of the yellow-gold leaves home and putting it in a book.

Three degrees and two universities later, we found ourselves back in the Middle West teaching in a wonderful little liberal arts college. We didn't think American education was nearly as good as it should be, and a number of other people felt the same way about it as we did. At least there were some thirty-odd of us, all altruistic souls, who set about pulling up American education by its Ph.D. and teachers-college bootstraps. It was an almost ideal college in which to teach. The students were more-than-average bright, and the faculty was the best we have ever seen in a college that size. We liked it so well that we stayed seven years. But there was one real drawback: the place was poverty-stricken. It wasn't too bad so long as we lived alone and liked it, but eventually we met a girl from Kent County and wanted to marry her – a thing we didn't want to put off forever. Unfortunately, however, the top-salary mazuma, no matter how thin you sliced it, was not enough for two, even before the days of five-dollar shirts and ninety-five-cent butter and eggs.

We took stock of the situation and ended up figuring that if love could conquer death, it could also conquer our altruism and our love of teaching. So we walked out one fine day back in 1941. Since reading Benjamin Fine's OUR CHILDREN ARE CHEATED we have discovered that 349,999 other teachers in America's schools and colleges have done the same thing during the past six years – and for reasons not too dissimilar.

Early this year Benjamin Fine, education editor of *The New York Times*, completed a six-month nationwide survey of our schools and colleges to determine what has been happening in American education. The findings of this survey are shocking in the extreme. If it is true that a nation has the kind of government it deserves, it is equally true that it gets the kind of educational system it is willing to pay for. That we, as a nation, are willing to spend more than three times as much per year on liquor as on education, seems to us indicative of a curiously inverted sense of values. And so long as we continue to pay our teachers less than we pay garbage collectors, we cannot reasonably expect the teaching profession to attract and hold the best minds – altruistic and well-intentioned though they may be.

We walked out back in 1941, and we have returned only to visit since. But we still believe deeply in the importance of education, particularly in a democracy. For old times' sake, come this week end and barring rain, we shall go out to the country and find a country schoolyard that has a popple tree. We'll take one of these yellow-gold popple leaves and put it smack in the middle of Ben Fine's book (p. 125) where it says: "A democracy . . . cannot afford to destroy its potential human resources, which are at once its greatest possession and its best insurance for survival."

our children are cheated

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Diarist of the Middle-Class Mind

MAXWELL GEISMAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sinclair Lewis has probably inspired more wordage—critical, biographical, anecdotal—than any other contemporary American writer. In line with* SRL*'s new emphasis upon actual samplings from the new books, we publish herewith an unusual estimate of Lewis, condensed from a chapter in Maxwell Geismar's critical study, "The Last of the Provincials," to be published on November 5 by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Geismar's study diverges from the traditional view of Lewis as a bold realist, a great craftsman, the satirist who first and most effectively exposed the smugness of American middle-class life. On the following page, from W. E. Woodward's new book, an autobiography, "The Gift of Life," we reprint a chapter dealing with the young Sinclair Lewis. It is fresh and authentic Lewisiana—and therefore Americana.*

SINCLAIR LEWIS has been called the Bad Boy of the national letters. In a way the celebrated critic of the national manners who established the new realism of the 1920's in the American mind and established the American mind in contemporary literature, whose literary career, lasting over a quarter of a century, has been marked by controversy, dispute, and perpetual ferment, deserves his title.

"Main Street" sold over a millon copies and was translated into a dozen languages. During those big years of his own career and of that whole new literary revolt of the Twenties which Lewis, along with Henry Mencken, seemed in many ways to represent most fully, there was little doubt as to both Lewis's value and his sparkle. His journalistic sorties against the "classical" critics, who then as now represented for the most part the alliance of little minds and great books, were bold and entertaining. His rejection of the Pulitzer Prize was based on the ground that it was an attempt to make writers "safe, polite, obedient, and sterile." His later acceptance of the first Nobel Prize to be given to an American writer contained an admirable statement of the new literature's intentions and achievements. "The American writer ought to perceive," Lewis said, "that he has . . . the most exciting country in the world; the greatest diversity of races, from Icelanders to Japanese and Negroes; the widest sweep of climate." In practice, too, Lewis seemed to be fulfilling Henry Mencken's vision of a national literature, no longer imitative and timorous, that would present a first-hand examination of the native scene in wholly native terms. As early as 1922, in "Babbitt," Lewis had not only added a new word to the American language, and in all probability a new figure to world fiction, but had staked out the whole area of his own contribution to the national letters.

What we are about to study here, however, is the true nature of Lewis's literary cosmos: that American Middle-Class Empire whose ruling dynasty is the House of Babbitt and whose destiny forms a strange chapter in the national letters. For the fact that Lewis's true world is

essentially a middle-class fantasy of life in America—rather than any sort of realistic picture of middle-class life in America—has been obscured simply because his superficial world, and particularly his visual world, seem so concrete. Apparently one of the most immediate novelists of his period, Lewis is actually one of the most remote. You will notice, too, the curious intellectual framework of Lewis's work: its narrow limitations, its blind rigidity, its overtones of fear and almost wilful ignorance. Probably the real fascination of Lewis's career lies just in the fact that this intrepid social rebel and fierce critic of the national manners is in the end so completely at one with his subject: and not, indeed, with America, but with his America—that middle-middle portion of it with which Lewis is so absolutely involved, and from the values, beliefs, and the final illusions of which he will never, for an instant, be able to deviate. Not often before, in the history of our letters, has an artist been able to see so much and see so little, or been so rigidly constrained to do the only thing he can do.

THIS has its own value, of course. Sinclair Lewis's novels, and the worst of them along with the best, form a remarkable diary of the middle-class mind in America.

But surely the Middle-Class Empire is one of the most limited phases of the innumerable phases of history—and not only of world history but of American history—and not only with respect to its time span but also as to its cultural values and aspirations. . . . Furthermore, what has distinguished Lewis's own work as a whole has been the narrow view he has taken of even that narrow orbit of history: the fact that he has presented the worst possible examples of his own theme.

Yet the actual limitations of Lewis's literary world do much to explain the final apotheosis of that world: as a matter of fact, they make it almost

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inevitable. Even in "Dodsworth" and "Ann Vickers" the accent on wealth, on material possessions, and on those polished "aristocrats" of Lewis's is the final as it was the initial note of Lewis's literary scene. (Just so, the James Buck Titus of "It Can't Happen Here," equally rich and suave—"as near to a country squire as one may find in America"—is at once the only major figure in the novel who hasn't the slightest interest in the revolutionary struggle and the one whom Lewis views with the least qualms.) And Lewis's aristocrats differ merely in degree from his middle-class figures and not in kind. They have more money, more social position, more culture. But their culture and their social position are simply used to proclaim the fact that they have money.

There are really no aristocrats in Lewis's work, nor is there, as in Dreiser, or Willa Cather, or Thomas Wolfe, any convincing middle-class aristocracy. Neither, on the opposite side of the social scale, does Lewis attempt to project a single working-class figure of any dimension; while in the entire body of work by this major critic of middle-class manners in the United States, from Carol Kennicott to Doremus Jessup, there is hardly an effective or even attractive social rebel. Actually, of course, this writer whose historical position is that of having established the "classes" in American literature, deals only with the establishment of the middle class in American literature—with that "bourgeois colony" which, up to 1917, as Lewis says in a curious historical inversion, "was the only America," or which, anyhow, after 1917, considered itself as the only America. It is interesting to notice the narrow social stratification of this purely middle-class cosmos of Lewis. There are no musicians, dancers, painters, poets, or sculptors of consequence in Lewis's work. The Ora Teagle of "Work of Art," who is the only full-length study of a writer, and who does at least write one honest novel—a novel which is "financially unnecessary," and which convinces Ora of the futility of serious writing—is indeed Lewis's prototype of the artist in America. Furthermore, from the Raymond P. Wutherspoon of "Main Street" to the Lycurgus Watts of "Dodsworth," are there any "intellectuals" in Lewis's work who are not also by inference dilettanti or actual perverts—that is, when they are not "radicals" and dangerous as rattlesnakes?

No, early and late, as I say, the only true hero of Lewis is the scientist. But in "Arrowsmith," too, there

(*Continued on page 42*)

Strictly Personal

SINCLAIR LEWIS GETS THE JOB

WHILE I was employed at the Thompson advertising agency about thirty-five years ago, I got into the habit of looking over out-of-town newspapers to see how they handled our advertising.

I observed that the book reviews in important city papers were almost always the dullest section of the newspaper. It looked as if the editors had little interest in the book section, and the reviews themselves were skimpy and lacking in charm.

The newspapers carried almost no book advertising. We had some book publishers among the clients of the agency, and I looked up their advertising schedules for some years back. Most of their appropriations for newspapers was spent in buying space in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, with by far the greater part given to New York.

One day an idea occurred to me. Why not make a deal with ten or a dozen newspapers to run a syndicated weekly book-review page and, as a part of the service, to obtain advertising for these pages from the book publishers? Each newspaper would pay a fixed weekly sum for the reviews which I would furnish. It was not my purpose to write any of the reviews myself but to hire an editor who would have the reviews written by competent people. I thought also that I would employ an experienced advertising solicitor whose duty it would be to get advertising from the book publishers.

"'Sinclair Lewis—they call him Red. Worked his way through Yale . . . fellow about thirty . . . comes from the West'."

I had no intention of running a little one-desk concern. It was to be a business of standing importance. With this plan worked out in my mind, I talked with a number of well-known publishers of books—and all of them liked the idea.

Late in the fall of 1912 I gave up my job with the Thompson agency and devoted myself to the book-review proposition. I had saved several thousand dollars from my salary, so I was able to finance the plan.

The first thing to do was to line up the newspapers, so I made a leisurely trip through the Middle West—as far west as Kansas City, but not below the Ohio River. I felt that I should confine the effort at first to a limited region and not try to cover the whole country. I wanted to sign up the newspapers on this trip, but it was also important that I make friends with the editors and newspaper publishers. With that idea in mind I stayed for several days in each city, attending luncheons and dinners and having long, friendly talks with the men I ought to know.

When I returned to New York—sometime in April 1913—I had eleven newspapers under contract. Among them were the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and the *Des Moines Register*. For the reviews and articles each newspaper was to pay fifty dollars a week, and from the eleven papers that would amount to five hundred and fifty dollars a week altogether. In addition to this weekly fee each newspaper agreed to allow me to deduct ten per cent commission on all book advertising that I should turn over to it. I figured that the gross income would average about eight hundred and fifty dollars a week, and my calculations turned out to be almost exactly right.

Away back in that decade the *New York Evening Post* was second only to the *Times* in the amount of book advertising that it carried. For several years I had known the charming and lively solicitor who gathered up the book advertising for the *Post*. His name was Edgar Van Slyke, familiarly known as "Van."

I had Van come up and have lunch

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with me and I told him that I had lined up eleven newspapers and that I would like to have him join me in running the business. He had already heard something about the scheme from his contact with the book publishers, but did not know the details. I told him everything, and I thought it best to give him a financial interest in the business rather than a salary. He had no money to put in it, as his salary was only fifty dollars a week.

We talked over the plan for a few days before he decided to give up his job on the *Post* and come with me. The concern was to be called Woodward & Van Slyke, and it was agreed that we were to divide equally the net return.

The next thing to do was to find an editor who had the reviewer's touch and who was sufficiently familiar with writers to get them interested. I spent a lot of time looking for an editor. Meanwhile Van and I had rented a suite of offices on Thirty-Fourth Street, and had hired a stenographer and an office boy.

Then one day I had a talk with Rodman Gilder, son of Richard Watson Gilder, the famous editor of the *Century Magazine*. I was telling him of my difficulty in getting an editor when he looked blank a moment, as if in a state of deep reflection, and then he said, "Oh, my goodness, I think I know just the man for you. His name is Lewis. He's a sort of editorial helper on *Adventure*, that little magazine published by the Butterick Company."

Naturally, I was interested, for I respected Rodman Gilder's judgment. "Tell me about him, Rodman," I said. "I've never heard of him. Lewis. Lewis. What's his first name?"

"They call him Red," Rodman said, "but that's a nickname. His name is Sinclair—or Sinclair Lewis, in full. He's a Yale man—worked his way through Yale. Comes from somewhere in the West, from Wisconsin or Minnesota—I forget which. And can he write! Young fellow, about thirty. Lives on First Avenue, in the tenement district."

"Do you think he'd like the job?" I asked.

"Listen, this Lewis chap has been knocked all over the lot by people who think they are his betters. He's had a hard life, and is dog poor, but he has ability. I'm sure he'd be a good man for you. Call him up and see him."

I called up the publishers of *Adventure* and asked for Mr. Lewis. They had to look for him, but eventually he came to the phone. I had him meet me at the Brevoort for dinner that evening. He was a lanky, blue-eyed, red-haired fellow with a rough face and as homely as a rail fence, but he had a winning smile and a cordial handshake. I liked him the instant I saw him and I spent an hour or more in telling him of the review syndicate, of the newspapers in it, and of what he would be expected to do. He listened, crumbling bread in his plate. I had hardly finished telling him of my plan when he began to make suggestions, some of which were brilliant. I got him, finally, to talk about himself and his antecedents, of his life as a boy in Minnesota, of the poverty of his youth, of his various jobs, and of his constant and ardent desire to be a writer.

"Would you really like to have this job as editor of our syndicate?" I asked.

His eagerness seemed to wane a bit, and he sat a moment in a self-enforced silence. Then he said, "Yes, I think I'd like it, and I'm sure I could make good at it."

"All right," I said, "the job is yours."

"Yes, yes," he muttered, taken aback, "but you've left out one very important item. How much are you going to pay me?"

"Oh," I said hastily, "I'd forgotten. I'm sorry. The job pays sixty dollars a week."

Lewis looked at me across the table in utter surprise. It showed all over his countenance. "Sixty dollars a week!" he exclaimed, and jumped up, almost overturning his chair as he rose. "Sixty dollars! Shake." He reached across the table and seized my hand. "Shake on it. It's a bargain. When do I begin?"

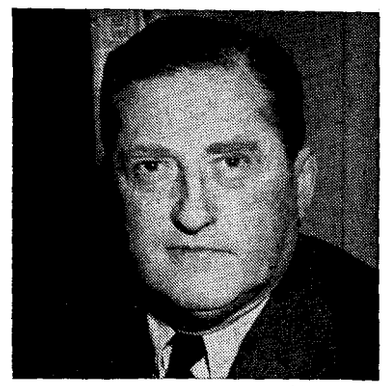
I told him we would be ready to start in about two weeks. I was astonished at his joyous reception of the offer, but I found out in a month or two that the sixty dollars a week was about twice as much as he had ever earned before. That incident shows what a sorry businessman I am.

The Woodward & Van Slyke book-review syndicate was a notable success. The pages that were produced under Lewis's direction were among the best in the country at that time. They were sensible, filled with interesting information about books and authors, witty and pleasant to read. The book publishers liked them and sent us so much advertising that it flowed over on to the other pages. In the bookstores of our eleven cities the sales of books increased.

Occasionally we hired authors or newspapermen to write columns for us. One of our special writers was Simeon Strunsky, who for the past twenty years has written a witty column daily for the editorial page of *The New York Times*. He was then a lively, keen-minded young man in his early thirties, and everything he wrote showed perception and ability. Another writer who sent us a column now and then—about some book he detested—was Lincoln Steffens. Among our occasional reviewers were Samuel Hopkins Adams, Willa Cather, Gelett Burgess, Booth Tarkington, and Meredith Nicholson. We got in the habit of serving tea late in the afternoon to visiting authors. It was a pleasant custom, that of serving tea, for the teacups could be used for cocktails when there were temperate ladies among the callers, and those who had the cocktails might simply praise the quality of our tea with nobody being the wiser.

W. E. WOODWARD.

This article, drawn from the autobiography "The Gift of Life," appears by special arrangement with the publisher, E. P. Dutton & Co.



—Wide World.

My Current Reading

SRL's report on the current reading of well-known public figures comes this week from **Herschel V. Johnson,** representative of the United States on the Security Council of the United Nations:

INSIDE U. S. A., by John Gunther
HUMAN DESTINY, by Lecomte du Nouy
GREY OF FALLODON, by George M. Trevelyan
BALZAC, by Stefan Zweig
ESSAYS OF THREE DECADES, by Thomas Mann
WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS, by John Fischer
AMBASSADOR ON SPECIAL MISSION, by Sir Samuel Hoare
THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA, by Harold Nicolson
THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW, by Frances Perkins
VESPERS IN VIENNA, by Bruce Marshall.

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The World. *In reviewing Cord Meyer, Jr.'s "Peace or Anarchy" below, Louis Fischer contends that it is now too late to create or enforce a world government. "The world is cleft in two. You cannot have one world government for two worlds," he writes. With or without reference to this question, it is interesting to observe that a recent Gallup Poll recorded 83% of the citizens of the United States in favor of immediate steps to give the United Nations adequate powers to preserve peace; also that a majority of the reporters covering the UN, as polled recently by* Newsweek, *believed that our representatives to the United Nations had not capitalized on the many opportunities presented to them to assert a vital leadership there in the cause of peace.*

Peace by Universal Mandate

PEACE OR ANARCHY. By Cord Meyer, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 231 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

THE VOICE of Cord Meyer, Jr., is the voice of many Americans and the rest of us had better listen. "As a member of Marine assault battalion," he writes, "I jumped from a landing barge onto an enemy-held beach in the Pacific." He killed Japanese. He saw Americans killed by Japanese. "Those who were bravest on both sides were killed first. Their bodies lay like empty sacks flung at random on the sand. . . ."

After many a battle, a hand grenade knocked out one of his eyes. That ended his war experience and he tells it in two pages. What follows is a cry of anguish from a wounded heart. The war sickened him. "It seemed to me," he exclaims, "that a society of men that continued to tolerate this evil would end with the destruction of itself and of all human values." In his youth, war looked like "an exciting and even heroic adventure." But in war he decided it was pure barbarism. No matter what the cause, it constituted a reproach to civilization.

Cord Meyer, Jr., now devotes his life to war prevention through world government. He feels there is no other way to peace. As assistant to Governor Harold E. Stassen, one of the United States delegates to the San Francisco conference which drafted the UN charter, he saw "the victory won at such cost on the battlefield . . . squandered at the conference table." The UN "was even weaker than the old League of Nations." He left San Francisco convinced that World War III was inevitable unless the UN was "substantially strengthened" in the near future. Since then, he is convinced, it has been substantially weakened.

Meanwhile, however, the danger of war and the danger in war increases. Young Meyer's pen is so able, his imagination so vivid, his facts about atomic and bacteriological warfare-preparations so harrowing as to actually convey physical pain and mental torment. Apart from the annihilation of millions, the maiming of millions, and subsequent biological abnormalities in the human face, there is also the possibility, or probability, that some foreign government may secretly plant atomic mines under and in our cities and industrial installations. Then it would announce that it had done this and demand unconditional surrender. What would you advise in such circumstances? Fight and see half the country blasted into ruins and human butcher meat, or submit?

At present, according to Mr. Meyer, the only preparation against such war is preparation for war. All nations, but especially the American and Soviet peoples, are assured that adequate armaments will give them peace. This argument he calls false: "Those who assert that the United States or the Soviet Union or any nation can avert war today by preparing for it are either blind to the facts or bent on aggression."

On the contrary, the stockpiling of armaments and the quest for security, the author asserts, could soon lead to a preventive war while one of the two modern nation-giants is known to be inferior. Or, this "peace" may continue for years, but some day either Moscow or Washington will snap under the nervous strain and attack simply because it can no longer stand the idea of waiting for a sudden attack which would end the lives of tens of millions, as well as the life

THE AUTHOR: This department, which for nearly a year has been unabashedly capsuling the literary great, is now shy before a reedy, fair-haired, twenty-seven-year-old. Though Cord Meyer, Jr., is president of United World Federalists, making him the recognized leader of the world government movement in the United States, there is none of the fanaticism of the consecrated, none of the egotism of the leader in this young man, who survived the shrieking imbecility of war to be both. He had plenty of time to clarify his dedication to peace while he lay on a hospital cot after a hand grenade in Guam clubbed the left side of his face into bloody pulp and gouged his eye into a glutinous socket. Cord Meyer enlisted in the Marines and was leader of a machine-gun platoon. Maybe he felt, like the protagonist in his O. Henry prize story, "Waves of Darkness," that it was penance for not being a conscientious objector. His father was with the American diplomatic service—temporarily in Washington, D. C., when he was born—and the family had lived in foreign capitals for years. He went to school in Switzerland, attended St. Paul's, and, in 1943, was graduated from Yale, Phi Beta Kappa, *summa cum laude*. In 1945, he was discharged with a Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and a captaincy. He followed up his war letters in *The Atlantic Monthly* with articles arguing so cogently for world organization that Harold Stassen named him veteran assistant at the San Francisco Conference. That fall the *Atlantic* printed his apprehensive, prophetic article about the UN, "A Serviceman Looks at the Peace"—now included in the anthology "Essays for Our Time." He transferred his voice hopefully to the Dublin and Rollins conferences, the AVC Planning Committee, the radio, lecture platforms, and press. When the various world government groups consolidated as United World Federalists, men like Raymond Swing, Grenville Clark, and Thomas K. Finletter chose Cord Meyer to lead them.

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of the nation as a free and independent unit.

As a further preparation for war, the citizens of the United States and of Russia are being whipped up into a moral passion against one another while tragically the UN sinks into its coffin. "One must," he asserts, "suspect either the motives or the intelligence of those who have propagated the myth that the United Nations is capable of enforcing peace." He supports this thesis by a skilful and devastating analysis of the Charter.

Abolition of the big-power veto in the Charter, Mr. Meyer contends, is no help, because the nation deprived of a veto might not yield to the majority view and then it might have to be coerced. In other words, war. In any system of collective security a group of nations may have to pounce on an aggressor. Mr. Meyer, however, wants an arrangement whereby war will be abolished under all circumstances.

On the same grounds, Mr. Meyer is not satisfied with the American government's Baruch Plan for the control of atomic bomb manufacture. It would ban only one type of weapon, but aggression with the remaining weapons would still be possible.

At this point, towards the last third of the book, Mr. Meyer leaves the field of negative, destructive criticism and offers his own plan for survival. Here, unfortunately, he falters. His emotional and moral revulsion against war gives him the courage to advocate what his detractors might brand as pacifism and which he could defend as cold, honest realism. Close observation of the workings of the UN have forced him to discard self-deluding optimism. Hence the clear vision. But when he comes to his own prescription for dealing with the present international mess he abandons reality and flies off into the realm of fantasy on the wings of high hope. He urges a UN which has been "given the constitutional authority to maintain security through laws which call for obedience from the individual inhabitants of the world as their first duty and which no national government may override." Moreover, "disarmament must be enforced by law, and the possession of war-making power by national governments prohibited." In other words, complete disarmament. The UN will maintain an inspection system "with free access to all nations." The UN will have a monopoly of atomic weapons, a large police force whose members will owe "exclusive allegiance to it," and the right to collect taxes throughout the world to defray the expenses of the international security system. "If

Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

The Only Possible Superior Power.

a nation failed to meet its annual quota," Mr. Meyer writes, "the Charter would authorize the UN to assume control of the delinquent nation's customs with the power to collect the national revenues until the quota was filled."

Maybe this would have been possible two years ago. Maybe. Supporters of world government, foreseeing the rivalry between Russia and the United States, exposed the flimsiness of the UN the moment they saw the Dumbarton Oaks proposals in 1944, and urged instead a truly international government, without veto, with police force, with access to the individual citizens of all countries. But now it seems too late. The world is cleft in two. You cannot have one world government for two worlds.

Mr. Meyer's one-world government would enjoy limited powers in most fields but unlimited power, after a period of transition, in disarming sovereign nation-states and in arming itself against potential aggressors or law-breakers. His logic is: nations arm and expand for the sake of national security. Now set up an all-powerful world government to protect everybody and no country will be worried about its security. Then the nations will cease expanding, surrender their arms, and submit to outside inspection.

It ought to work, and if we were sane it might. It would certainly work if nations sought only safety. But this basic assumption is very doubtful. Nations usually expand not because they must but because they can. After 1918, England and France expanded through annexations, mandates, and alliances with satellites because they had won the war and were strong enough to expand. These territorial extensions, however, were no guarantee of peace or security. Hitler claimed that Germany was being encircled, that the world was against Germany, that his disarmament proposals had been rejected (as they were; no one trusted or believed him), and that he needed *lebensraum*. Mussolini likewise argued that Italy could not forever remain enclosed in a British lake—the Mediterranean; there was no security in that.

The excuse of the aggressor is always that he is afraid of attack. The excuse for armaments is always defense in the interests of national security. The aggressors allege that they are seeking security. In the end, they lose it and get involved in a war which ruins them.

These things are no longer a secret to even the most obtuse and irresponsible government, yet each aggressor nation thinks it can succeed where all others failed. In the present emergency, Russia is the expanding power. She began to expand in 1939 at the expense of Poland and Finland long before America was a factor in the situation. She continued the aggression against the Baltic countries and Rumania in 1940. Beginning with the Teheran conference in 1943, through 1944, and 1945, Russian aggrandizement rose to a crescendo with the aid or sympathetic acquiescence of the United States and Great Britain. Having annexed an empire and brought Eastern and parts of Central Europe and Asia under her thumb, Russia, still unsated, made thrusts at Iran and Turkey. Her most-communist satellite, Yugoslavia, has vociferously demanded Austrian, Italian, and Greek territory. Communist parties directed by Moscow abet Russia's expansionist goals.

As long as the United States placidly assented to Russian expansion, American - Soviet relations were smooth. When America started to complain and take counter-measures, it became a "war-monger," and an imperialist. Just so, Hitler railed at Churchill and Eden in 1938 and 1939.

The record would hardly support Mr. Meyer's contention that the driving force of expansion is security. Nazi Germany was safe from attack yet Hitler insisted on expansion. America and England, far from menacing Soviet security, were condoning and aiding Russian expansion until even the blind saw that appeasement encouraged Stalin—as it had encouraged Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan—to move onward. The first principle of every world-government advocate is that more territory is not the key to security. More territory whets the appetite for more territory.

Two major forces cause the dicta-

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tors to expand. One is suction towards the vacuums across the frontier where weak states, defeated or enfeebled by war, and weak states without protectors, offer an easy target. The second is the push of unsolved domestic economic and political problems which impel a government to seek foreign supplies of machinery, consumer goods, and raw materials. As soon as a rival blocks the forward imperialistic march, the dictatorship exploits this hostility at home; a dictatorship needs enemies, real, imagined, or inflated, who enable it to justify the terror, tension, and sacrifices without which autocracy cannot exist.

As an expanding power, the Soviet Union frowns on any unification on a continental or world scale which might stop her. Her endeavors in this direction are numerous and are on the record; they commenced in 1942 in London. For this reason, Moscow is also vehemently opposed to world government. In Chapter Eleven, Mr. Meyer quotes Foreign Secretary Bevin and ex-Foreign Secretary Eden as favoring the evolution of the UN into a world government. But he might have added that the official Moscow radio scoffed at their suggestions and called them "harmful and reactionary." At Lake Success Gromyko invariably stresses his love of "national sovereignty" which, of course, interferes with internationalism and world government.

As long ago as the Dublin, N. H., world government conference convened by Justice Owen J. Roberts in October 1945, it was pointed out that advocates of world government must take a clear stand on Russia. Suppose Russia refuses to join a world government? It is completely clear now that she will not join. Should the rest of the world remain divided for that reason and thereby diminish its capacity to resist new Russian and communist aggressions? Or should we have a four-fifths world government, a government of the non-Soviet world (minus the Francos and Peróns) which can then proceed to solve the problems of democracy? Events are moving fast and we have to answer these questions without delay.

An international government with Russia would be preferable to an international government without Russia. But an international government without Russia is preferable to our present chaos and ineffectiveness. Truman doctrines and Marshall plans and the UN are not enough. We need an international government of all those ready to join, with the door ever open for the rest. They can join when they are ready.

Is It Too Late?

(A REPLY TO LOUIS FISCHER)

CORD MEYER, JR.

WORLD government is often attacked as utopian by those who believe that many generations must pass before so great an institutional change should even be attempted. However, Mr. Fischer's criticism comes from exactly the opposite direction. He admits the immediate necessity for world government, but believes that it is too late rather than too early to achieve it. He concedes that two years ago there was a possibility of building a universal security system of enforceable law but is convinced now that the actions and designs of the Soviet government have obliterated that hope.

Mr. Fischer's conviction that the Russians will unalterably oppose every attempt to build a structure of common security is based on his estimate of the internal nature of the Soviet regime. In his opinion, Stalin's hold on the Russian people is so insecure that he must continuously invent foreign enemies where none exists in order to justify and perpetuate an oppressive tyranny needed to suppress domestic unrest. Events may eventually prove Mr. Fischer to be correct in this judgment, but there still exists the real possibility that the Russian leaders are primarily motivated by fear of external aggression. Under the anarchy of our present sovereign-state system, all nations are compelled in self-defense to arm and expand against the danger of attack. It is certainly inconsistent for Americans to claim that our own war preparations are purely defensive in purpose, while at the same time insisting as Mr. Fischer does that there can be no doubt concerning the aggressive intent of Russian preparedness. If the Russians are in fact preparing for war because they fear rather than plan aggression, then there is a chance that they may be willing to accept an offer to join with the United States and all other nations in transforming the UN into a federation that is granted real and effective power to keep the peace.

Because Mr. Fischer is so convinced that the Russians will never accept such an offer, he advocates the immediate formation of "a four-fifths world government." My own view is that we should not come to this decision until a thorough attempt has been made to obtain original Russian agreement to the new structure.

The first step toward peace is one that the American people must take for themselves. Led by an informed and insistent public demand, our own government must demonstrate its willingness to accept with others the necessary restrictions on national independence. The Russians then will have an opportunity to choose between a continued arms race and a reliable system of security. If they choose to accept, institutions to administer and enforce world laws can be erected by common consent to amendment of the UN. If the Soviet government sees fit to refuse, a time limit should be set at the expiration of which the United States should join with those who are willing in creating a partial world government. The door must be left open to Russian entrance, and every effort must be made to prevent the new union from becoming a mere military alliance against the Soviets. As Dr. Einstein has suggested, it is reasonable to hope that the Russians might reconsider an initial decision to stay out, if they saw a successful federation of the rest of the nations being organized without them. Should the Russians remain unalterably opposed, as Mr. Fischer predicts, then the new federation should strengthen its military defenses and prepare to wait for a change in Russian leadership. As a member of such a federation, the United States would be much stronger than it now is as a separate nation relying on shifting and unstable alliances. Also our moral and ideological position would be strengthened before the bar of world opinion by a clear demonstration that our objective was common security rather than imperialistic expansion.

Mr. Fischer's proposal that the United States proceed to form a partial world government by first excluding the Soviet Union would leave us with the responsibility of having deliberately and finally split the world in two. On the other hand, a definite offer of world government made in good faith to the Russians would leave them with the dreadful responsibility of such a decision. I ask only that we explore the possibility that Mr. Fischer may be mistaken in his analysis of the motivation of the Soviet leaders. There is nothing to lose and everything to gain in attempting to win Russian adherence to a world-wide legal order before any decision is made to proceed without them.

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Fiction.

Any week in fiction in which there are new novels by E. H. Young and Sheila Kaye-Smith is memorable. Both of these distinguished English women are infallibly and nostalgically charming in their knowledge of family and country life. In "Chatterton Square" and "The Lardners and the Laurelwoods" the reader will find the old and remembered fascination for two novels that were published over twenty years ago, Miss Young's "William" and Miss Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden." It is like entering another world to read Howard Fast's perhaps ironical tale of American communism, Louis Bromfield's dashing historical tale, which seems to be born for the movies, or Hans Habe's tortured novel of the aftermath of war in Europe. Of all the fiction reviewed here only Bromfield's "Colorado" may reach best-sellerdom. The first four books heading the best-seller lists this week are all historical novels from "The Moneyman" to Feuchtwanger's "Proud Destiny." We are escaping into the past with a vengeance.

Dedicated to Dietrich

COLORADO. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 263 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

AS SWIFT in pace and as highly colored as a first-rate Western movie, Mr. Bromfield's latest story rushes with great gusto through most of the situations which Hollywood has taught us to look for in tales of rowdy, frontier days.

P. J. Meany has struck it rich and established himself and his family in a massive castle overlooking Silver City, Colorado, the mining and ranching town which is the center of his corrupt and profitable empire. His first three sons, ornery, lecherous, swarthy like their father, are bullied and dominated by him, and kept busy in his enterprises. But he has decided to make a gentleman of his youngest son, who is temperamentally and physically cut from another pattern.

Entirely by chance a mysterious Professor da Ponte and his ward, Mademoiselle La Belle da Ponte, are fellow passengers in the parlor-saloon car of the train which brings young Richard Meany, complete with his tutor, Cecil Chatsworthy, back to Silver City after three years of education in England. The appearance of Mademoiselle La Belle, combining voluptuousness with great innocence and youth, so intrigues young Meany that he persuades his father, when the whole party alights at Silver City, to promise her an engagement in the forthcoming season at the "Opry House," Meany's pet project for bringing art and culture to the town.

When the aging and jealous old-timers in the Opry House company turn La Belle's first appearance into a brawl, the shrewd Madge Beakymer, Meany's friend and proprietress of the opulent gambling house "El Dorado," offers her an engagement to sing at "El Dorado." La Belle's dewy charm is, as Madge has cannily forseen, a dazzling success in its unlikely setting. While this simplifies her life, and the last days of the professor's, financially, it complicates it emotionally. But at long last young Richard Meany proposes to her the future which she really wants. This love story with its happy ending is only a small part of a plot richly embroidered with shootings, kidnapings, explosions, and general violence.

Mr. Bromfield, who appears to have written this rattling tale with his left hand while presumably keeping his right hand at the plough, has shrewdly disarmed all his critics in advance by describing the story, in a long dedication, as "without social consciousness or self-consciousness." Inevitably, of course, "Colorado" will be bought by Hollywood, if it is not already in production there. But it is no small tribute to Mr. Bromfield's vivid storytelling that the reader can put down the book almost convinced that he has seen rather than read a great part of the novel. Indeed, not even in "Destry Rides Again" did Joe Pasternak and Marlene Dietrich (to whom Mr. Bromfield dedicates his book) achieve any more striking scenes than the Meany family setting out in a cavalcade of victorias for the first night at the Opry House, or than "P.J." and Madge Beakymer wrecking her Turkish cozy corner at El Dorado.

—From the portrait by J. Anthony Wills.

Louis Bromfield describes his new book, "Colorado," as "without social consciousness or self-consciousness."

Art for Love's Sake

ALEXANDRA. By Gladys Schmitt. New York: The Dial Press. 1947. 316 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET HEXTER

GLADYS SCHMITT'S earlier books, "The Gates of Aulis" and "David the King," much as they differed in setting and theme, had certain characteristics in common, notably, in addition to the remarkable sensitiveness of the writing, a largeness of canvas and a density of treatment. For some, these added immeasurably to the power and stature of her work. Others, less enthusiastic, were inclined to find them excessive. Both groups should be interested in seeing what Miss Schmitt can do working on a greatly reduced scale. Her new book is an exercise in selectivity. In it she again proves herself one of the most interesting and talented writers on the American horizon.

In "Alexandra," the author has fashioned a brief, delicate, and penetrating study of a woman. With cunning economy of words and remarkable evocation of mood, she succeeds in compelling our admiration of her craftsmanship. If the book is not completely successful, it is only because what she has to say is perhaps not equal to her brilliancy in saying it.

Although Alexandra was an actress and a spectacularly successful one, it is not the actress, but the woman, whom her creator is interested in depicting. The events of her career are, therefore, subordinated to the evolution of her character, and her achievement is important only as it affects her emotional and spiritual development. The story that Miss Schmitt is interested in telling is effectively told through Sophie as the refracting medium—Sophie, the childhood friend, who never leaves her middle-class environment, but whose sense

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and sensibility enable her not only to love but to understand and to remain important to Alexandra.

From these pages emerges a picture of a neurotic genius. Alexandra was propelled to the stage not only by a phenomenal talent which demanded expression, but perhaps even more by a childish conception that fame would bring her love. Unloved by her parents, her great need for love was ever her compelling motivation, to which she sacrificed her integrity, without, however, succeeding in blunting her extremely sensitive conscience. By the time that she learned, belatedly, that fame and love have nothing to do with each other, she had so undermined her self-respect that she felt unequal to marriage with the one man who truly loved her. Hers is the tragedy of one who could never either outgrow or live up to her own childish ideals.

To the depiction of this protean, intricate character, Miss Schmitt has brought the masterly skill with words, the subtle psychology, and the taut emotionalism which one associates with her writing. However, one feels a somewhat disturbing disparity between the simplicity and vividness of her style and the complexity, verging on confusion, of her characterization.

War and Women

AFTERMATH. By Hans Habe. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 345 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

HANS HABE, who a few years back wrote the exciting first-person singular "A Thousand Shall Fall," covers a lot of territory in his latest novel; it opens in Paris three days before the first American troops entered that then joyous city; there are scenes in many parts of post-war Germany, in Berlin, in an experimental Nazi prison camp, and in Philadelphia, Spokane, and New York.

The characters are varied, too. Captain (later Major) Peter Olden, who is clearly the hero, is an anti-Nazi who was born and lived most of his life in Germany, but, after he "without the smallest qualm of conscience" killed a young Nazi in a street fight, Olden comes to the United States, is naturalized, and marries a cold, rich, and selfish Philadelphia Main Liner. With the war, he becomes an at times almost incredibly courageous member of General Donovan's OSS. Major (eventually Lieutenant Colonel) John Stroud is a middle-aged lawyer from Spokane, Washington, who believes the German people are like almost every other people and, as commandant of a prison camp, treats them as such. In addition, there are two European women, Maria, a thirty-five-year old German whom Peter had known and loved before he left for the United States, and Wanda, a German-hating Polish lieutenant in General Bor's Army. The minor characters are numerous, at times sharply created, more often quick sketches for a development that doesn't take place. "Dirty" Thompson, the aptly nicknamed enlisted man who is Olden's driver, never emerges; neither does Patricia, Olden's wife, about whom the most important fact we know is that her neck "looked somewhat naked without two or three strands of pearls."

Mr. Habe has tried to say a good deal in "Aftermath"; he seems to want to explain what it has been like in post-war Europe, especially the defeated Germans and the American occupation troops; and he wants to say something significant about the differences between American women and the European women whom so many of our soldiers, officers, and enlisted men got to know and know well.

All this adds up to what, it must be admitted, is an engrossing story, packed, as the publishers so often say in their advertisements, with action: Peter's capture of an important Nazi lieutenant in an insane asylum, his killing one of the last two men to see Adolf Hitler alive (the other was Martin Bormann), the discovery of the mutilated body of a German who had been too friendly with the Americans, a prison break on Christmas day, a struggle between Stroud and one of the last fighting Germans to remain in Paris (Peter shoots the German; that's how he meets Stroud), and numerous, quite clinically detailed love scenes.

Certain episodes are beautifully handled, those pages dealing with one of Peter's trips back to the U. S., for example, and his talk in a Broadway bar with some of the veterans who've been disillusioned with what they've found on their return; the sensitive, almost pitiful struggle of Colonel Stroud to bring democracy to his German charges, many of whom merely despise him for what they consider his weakness; the realization, on Stroud's return to Spokane, that what happened in Europe was, after all, only an episode in his life, to be remembered, to be cherished, but, too soon, to be forgotten. Stroud is by far the most successfully drawn of the major characters; Peter Olden, whose career rather closely parallels that of Mr. Habe, is sympathetically treated, but he comes off rather a cold fish. The scene in a German prison when he meets his Nazi father is more ludicrous than moving, and his final break-up with his wife makes him much more of a villain than a hero.

Over all, while "Aftermath" is a highly readable novel, is always interesting and occasionally eloquent, its treatment of what is one of the important themes of our day seems generally too slick and superficial to be taken seriously. Entertaining, yes; a major novel, no. A lot of American women are probably going to be very angry indeed, but maybe they should be.

Warts of the World

FEAST OF THE JESTERS. By Manuel Komroff. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc. 1947. 305 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SCHERMAN

IF SOME smart author could write a novel centering around the United Nations, setting it in a frame of biting and light-hearted satire, with a vein of serious hope underneath, perhaps a little of our present fear and despair at its apparent futility would be dispelled. There is no doubt that the Congress of Vienna, which met first in 1814 just before Napoleon's escape from Elba, inspired the same cynical bitterness in the public mind. Now it can be written about almost in a spirit of playfulness, when the dastardly effects of its selfish intrigue are no longer felt. Manuel Komroff's novel is a romantic satire centering around a little French troupe of actors, down on its luck, which travels to Vienna in 1814 to make its fortune. There the French actors run headlong into the intrigue and backbiting and selfish, mercenary interests of the dozens of petty kings and dukes of small principalities who have also come to make their fortunes. Through Coco, the pretty little heroine of the troupe, who is out to snag herself a king, a duke,

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—Bernice Abbott. —Andre Kertisz. —Roy Hudson.

Gladys Schmitt exhibits a "cunning economy of words." Hans Habe "has tried to say a good deal." Manuel Komroff uses satire in a light-hearted spirit. Sheila Kaye-Smith writes with "a deft and subtle hand."

or at least a British financier, the French actors realize their wildest dreams of fame and monetary success. In and around their personal triumphs are woven the stories of several of Europe's smaller rulers—those little kings who have the silly, scheming pomposity of O. Soglow's Little King, without his cheerful disposition. Their mercenary intriguing and bargaining, without a thought to the common people whose lives they are juggling, is at the same time an amusing and a dismaying sight.

The great monster, Napoleon, escaping from Elba, dispels this frivolous feast of jesters, who scatter to shelter like sparrows at the shadow of an eagle. Besides Napoleon (who does not appear in the story except as an evil influence) and the dukes and kings, there is a further force in the story. That is the surging undercurrent of democracy, felt but not seen, among the poor and common people, who know that their turn is next, and that the dukes and kings are no more than small warts on the skin of the world. All this is told in a spirit of light-hearted, romantic fun, with the serious vein appearing beneath as a sort of running obbligato. Its message is somewhat marred by a florid and affected style and a tendency, in the scenes with the poor people, toward the Norman Corwin type of patriotic radio drama: "Voice of the Flower Woman," "Voice of the Fish Woman," etc., intoning a monotonous, pseudo-poetic verse and chorus. In spite of stylistic defects, however, the novel is charming and carries a real punch.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 709)

H. ADAMS-AGAR

THE FORMATIVE YEARS

By Eighteen Seventeen in the American character antipathy to war ranked first among political traits. In politics the divergence of America from Europe perpetuated itself in the popular instinct for peaceable methods.

Death of Illusion

THE LARDNERS AND THE LAURELWOODS. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 280 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARY THOMPSON

TO A LONG and distinguished list of novels, Sheila Kaye-Smith has added this adroit study of two families — the well-to-do, middle-class Laurelwoods, and the sturdy, clannish Lardners, farm folk such as she has portrayed so memorably many times. With a deft and subtle hand Miss Kaye-Smith weaves an intricate pattern of family relationships and then, with quiet irony, snips away the threads which have crisscrossed from family to family, from generation to generation, leaving of the once closely meshed fabric only a few tattered remnants.

Four generations of Laurelwoods have come as summer boarders to the Lardners' beautiful old farmhouse Idolsfold. The oldest generation has died, and it is Frances Laurelwood, who first came to visit her school friend, the daughter of the family, who became engaged there, spent her wedding night there, who is now "old Mrs. Laurelwood," widowed for eight years. There has been a long break, always unexplained; for many seasons the Laurelwoods have stayed away and other summer boarders have filled the rooms. Now suddenly Mrs. Laurelwood has brought her two motherless grandchildren and the old family nurse, Nanny Wheeler, for an early holiday. The children, as their father and grandfather before them had done, have fallen in love at first sight with Idolsfold and its delights. But a sudden heart attack has begun the long process which Frances Laurelwood recognizes clearly must lead to her death; her children are sent for — needlessly this time, it turns out, for she recovers quickly from the attack—and now for the first time in many years the whole family is gathered together there; only Boy, her youngest son, is absent, far off in the mountains of Persia with the Army.

Old Mrs. Laurelwood, despite her illness and its implications, which she accepts without rebellion, is content to be at Idolsfold again, to have her children around her, her grandchildren renewing all the traditional excitements of city children, learning, at long last, the alluring possibilities of farm life. Superficially at least the children, too, Diana, Meg and Martin, preserve the tradition of being happy to be at Idolsfold again. But as the week end wears on, the picture changes. As though she were leading us to one window after another of the old farmhouse, for different views of the families grouped together inside, Miss Kaye-Smith begins to fill in the true relationships of the families, of the various individual members. Subtly and insidiously she draws the long, inevitable line of development stretching from the child to the adult. The long shadows of the past block in the future; here husband and wife fail each other, and in their failure we see their destined defeat as parents. We watch the slow attrition of early

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promise, choked by conventional life in the city, the faults which were almost charming in high-spirited youth hardened into the prejudices and smugness of middle age.

Diana, the obtuse, eldest daughter, is bored, but makes the most of the week end to reassure herself of her success with men by an effort to renew old affairs; that one of them existed only in her own mind fails to daunt her; the extent of the tragedy which the other one created escapes her utterly.

Meg, the second daughter, now the wife of the editor of a leftish weekly, and Bess Lardner, now Mrs. Hovenden and mistress of Idolsfold, have always secretly wondered whether the terrible episode of Meg's French doll was the real reason why the Laurelwoods so abruptly ceased to come to the farm for their summer holidays. Sheila Kaye-Smith, who has many times before in her novels shown an acute and sensitive awareness of the terrifying gulf between the child's problems and the adult's reactions to them, manages to reflect, in telling this one incident of the doll, all the standards, and indeed the failings, of both families.

And there is Martin, the fussy solicitor, bound hand and foot to his career, incapable of extracting any pleasure from his life. As a small boy, enthralled by his Lardner contemporaries, he had passionately longed to be a farmer. But that was unthinkable to his parents and he was discouraged, discouraged with such success that he has even forgotten the interest. Now, in his turn, he fears for his own children that "loutery" may be contagious and seeks to keep them from becoming too intimate with and enamored of the young Hovendens.

But it is the tragedy of Dick which is the most heartbreaking of the whole book, Dick who was always too soft and gentle for the coarse farm world into which he was born, who loved all beautiful and bright and tender things. He had had his brief moments of happiness when he believed that the gay, pretty, and, as he had thought, unobtainable Diana loved him, but his heart broke when he found that she had only been amusing herself, that what he had tried to convince himself might not, after all, be impossible, was indeed far outside the realms of a real and harsh world.

Finally we see the old, taken-for-granted devotion of the Lardners wearing thinner and thinner. Once the Laurelwoods were a source of passionate interest and exotic charm; now, to the newer generation, they are intruders, more bother than at-

(*Continued on page* 33)

Americana. *Remember Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" and his classic remark about the trench fighting of the first war, "If yer knows of a better 'ole . . . go to it"? Or Wallgren's snub-nosed doughboys? As late as 1935 Old Bill revisited Europe (aptly represented by an erupting volcano) on the jacket of the book "Old Bill Looks at Europe." Back in his favorite pub, "The Ball and Chain," Old Bill summed up his impressions, "Well, I'll tell yer. It's like this 'ere. The 'ol' blinkin' thing is a ---- lot of nonsense." . . . Now we have a Young Bill—Bill Mauldin, who writes and draws in an honored tradition. There is more bitterness, less humor, in the words and drawings. But Young Bill, back home now, sees as straight as his Old Uncle Bill of World War I.*

Syndicate Sins

BACK HOME. By Bill Mauldin. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1947. 315 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

AFTER Ernie Pyle's death, there was really no one in Europe except Bill Mauldin who seemed to understand how fighting men felt, and no one really understood Mauldin except his fellow GI's. Civilians tried; they grinned; they chuckled; they grimaced at the drawings, but Mauldin's bag-eyed, tired Willie and Joe meant something more to all the millions who were equally bearded and equally tired. Occasionally, as Mauldin drove his fabulous jeep up the Italian hills, across the country roads of France, and, on rarer occasions, down the streets of Paris, he would shyly confess that he was writing a book; no one took the book very seriously. Sure, it would have the cartoons, and it would be nice to have them preserved between cardboard, but the prose wouldn't be much. After all, Mauldin was just a kid with a flair for drawing and a nice satirical sense. But the words in "Up Front" turned out to be the most incisive, the clearest, the earthiest that had appeared in any war book up to that time—and at the moment I can't think of more than one or two books since that have done a better job.

When the Book-of-the-Month Club selected "Up Front" and later, when it was sold to Hollywood for an enviably round, six-figure sum, a lot of people started a lot of rumors; some said the book had been ghost-written; others insisted that they knew somebody who was a close friend of a certain lieutenant colonel who'd done so much "editing" of the copy that he might as well have written it.

Well, Bill Mauldin has written another book, and God knows what happened to the lieutenant colonel, but the prose in "Back Home" is as exciting—and as good—as the words in "Up Front"; and it's pure Mauldin all right, and it's wonderful. Mainly, it's the story of a young man who came home from Europe to find himself surprisingly wealthy and extremely famous; people asked for his autograph; he went to Hollywood, and some of the stars said they'd always wanted to meet him, and everywhere he went people said he was terrific.

Many men, older and more settled and far more accustomed to adulation, have lost their heads when they were given that kind of treatment, but Mauldin didn't. The civilian syndicate which had printed his wartime cartoons continued to circulate his peacetime drawings. True, a lot of people, ex-GI's included, thought Mauldin had a lot to learn about civilian life; Mauldin admits it; he

Refugees at Haifa

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

IT IS not land they see,
Their hands upon the ship's rail,
Their feet descending, hesitant, almost,
Whose hearts are running forever
Along a road unending.

It is not land they see, or sun,
Though sun strikes on their brows
On their uncovered heads,
Pitiless to the pitiful,
One by one.

It is not land they see, or sun,
But the small bird of hope,
Uncertain, shy,
Circling upward to meet them,
Singing a little song,
An old melody under a new sky.

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thinks he still deos. But most people objected when that snub-nosed, down-bearded young man turned out cartoons which attacked race prejudice; the lack of housing for veterans and the reasons behind it; settled, reactionary veterans' organizations; the black market; and those uppercase in quotes liberals who speak of the common man as if they themselves were the most uncommon of men.

Eventually, newspapers began dropping Mauldin's cartoons, some because they were disappointed in the quality, but more often because they objected to his ideas. The syndicate spoke to him quite seriously about the matter. Why didn't he tone down a little, they wanted to know; don't hit it quite so hard so often. Nobody who knew Mauldin in Europe would have made such a mistake, not after Bill's interview with Lieutenant General George S. Patton; Patton, too, objected to some of the cartoons, and Bill talked right back to him; at the time, Bill had one stripe for every one of Patton's stars. Mauldin won.

I realize that all this doesn't say much about the contents of "Back Home." It contains several tens of thousands of words of Mauldin prose and the best of the cartoons drawn since he was discharged at Fort Dix; it says, honestly and courageously, what Mauldin has done and thought and said since then; it's entertaining and exciting; it's funny and thoughtful. Only fools and bigots and dolts will object to it; and probably even they will want to read it.

At the end, Bill confesses that he wanted to get these matters off his chest. Age, he says, is creeping up on him (he must be all of twenty-five now). "My bank account grows; my radical years are almost over. I want to stick this thing on my bookshelf as a reminder of my wild days so I can read it over and be a little more tolerant of the next generation of upstarts." Frankly, I think Bill Mauldin will always remain an upstart and a radical, and I'm glad.

Day After Tomorrow

DAHL'S BRAVE NEW WORLD. By Francis W. Dahl and Charles W. Morton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 127 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

ORDINARILY I am not interested in comic strips. The exploits of Lil' Abner and of Steve Canyon hold no allure for me. Nor am I concerned with Joe Palooka's liberalism or Orphan Annie's conservative leanings. On the other hand "Dahl's Brave New World" held my attention and aroused many a chuckle. It is one of the most virulent, good-natured attacks on the machine age, the age of peace(?), of automobiles, of gadgets, and of fashion, housing, and radio since Philip Wylie brought out his "Generation of Vipers." It is the kind of book that engenders a desperate longing for the Fearful Old World.

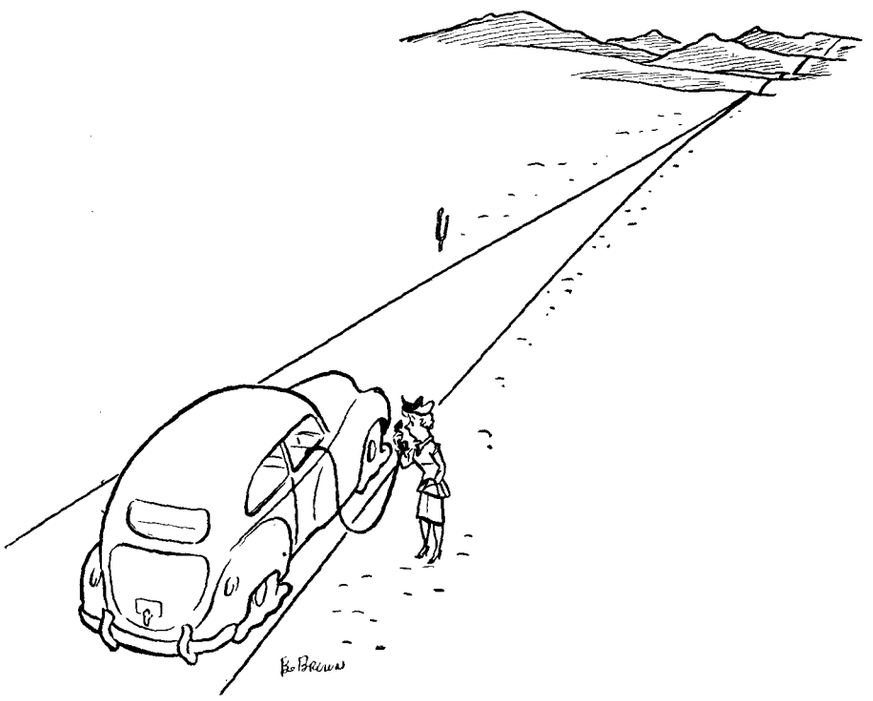
It is difficult to decide whether Francis W. Dahl, the cartoonist of the *Boston Herald* who drew the pictures, or Charles W. Morton, associate editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* who provided the text in the form of introductions to the different series of strips, is the more effective in ridiculing current thoughts and trends.

Among older readers the book will awake a strong feeling of nostalgia. The automobilist, who after a bout with his tire chains is compelled to take a bath in a removable fender, makes one regret the passing of the horse and buggy days. Even the gewgaws of ornate Victorian furniture become cherished memories compared with the functional, curved atrocities designed for Quonset-hut living, while the coarse black hosiery of a bygone age seems most attractive when looking at the stainless steel stockings of tomorrow.

In his general introduction Mr. Morton has picked on the man who owns a food freezer as the typical citizen of a time when "never were there so many wonderful machines and labor-savers at the beck and call of the prosperous American." But he is careful, to add, "never were so many prosperous Americans washing so many dishes." He goes on to point out that children are the major industry and for them Mr. Dahl has designed mechanical baby sitters. Nor has either neglected to stress the importance of psychiatry in the upbringing of youngsters. Yet, notwithstanding the marvelous advances which they have portrayed in words and lines, they are forced to confess that that great discovery, bubble gum, has not solved the parking problem.

And so these two inconoclasts go on making fun of an age of B.O., of Sanforized shirts, and of alarm clocks that lull one to sleep. They see no advantages in automobiles with jet propulsion, nor in homes with flat roofs which collect water and large plateglass sides providing interesting vistas both for dwellers and passersby. It is a world in which pajamas are not sleeping garments and instead of jewels electric lights gleam around the necks of demure debutantes, while everyone is urged to buy as much as possible "for by this time next year we may be at war with Russia."

To one brought up in the last glimmer of the gaslight era, who, having been through two wars, wonders if they really bring peace, who sleeps soundly through informative programs, who would rather meet an actress in the flesh than see her on the screen, and who prefers using a piece of wood tipped with chemicals to light his cigarette rather than make futile efforts to ignite a wick with a spark from flint, this book makes a strong appeal. It does this rather from its literary content than as a work of art. Yet the drawings carry out the spirit of the text and at times reinforce it.



"Long distance, please."

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Competition? Bring It On!

MOST of us tend to look upon this present age as offering the stiffest competition that has ever confronted the printed page, and specifically the page of a book. The motion picture, even though it derives much of its raw material, and some that is not at all raw, from books, nightly holds in thrall, more or less, millions of persons who might otherwise be sitting at home curled up with, at the worst, a movie magazine. Radio, though tossing out an occasional sop in the form of "music to read by," usually after midnight (an admirable time for reading, but no better than any other), keeps more books closed than any censor of any era has ever done. Baseball, football, and all of the other sports to which the American people are visually addicted were capable of being held at bay as long as they remained daytime activities; under the floodlights they have gone directly to war with reading. Bowling and its affiliates—all the not too rowdy or hair-mussing sports, most of them indoor, and most of them enterprises of the evening, in which Americans actually participate—have cut into book time that is never replaced. The automobile, the bridge table, and now television—but why elaborate?

Well, somehow books continue to sell, and to circulate, and to get borrowed, and to get read. Is this intense competition something new—a by-product, and a most sinister and devilish one, of the machine age? By no means. The competition, in one form or another, has always existed, and it is no tougher today than it ever was.

The book, indeed, thrives on competition. It has fought back by providing competition on its own, and it is still doing it. The printed book is only a few years older than a discovered America. As a social phenomenon of wide dissemination, and therefore influence, it is far younger than that. Literacy as a social factor of any statistical consequence is no older than the steam engine. The book came into the world as a novelty possessed of surpassing potentialities—here, indeed, *was* something new under the sun. Like all novelties, it was viewed with apprehension in some quarters, as, occasionally, it still is. A whole craft had to be learned, and then taught, before the book itself could be made available even to a limited quantity of customers. Doughty opposition was provided by the craftsmen themselves in seeking to safeguard the arcana of their calling. Authors and editors had to be discovered and then appeased, important personages cajoled into patronage. The right books had to be chosen, channels of distribution cleared and kept open. Even today there are publishers cynical enough to believe that perfection has not yet been attained in all of these departments.

Before there were books, people did something with their time. Even before there were books, there were twenty-four hours in a day. The book had somehow to grasp for its own some fraction of that adamantine allotment. Agriculture and husbandry had never had to do that. War and politics had never had to do it. These went back to unrecorded beginnings. So did conversation, earliest of the amenities, and the most serious competitor of the first books, as it will be of the last.

Let us not be too hard on the movies and the automobile and the radio. The book was under just as severe competition long before they were invented, and just before they were invented. In the 1880's, to choose a date not too remote, the horse-drawn carriage rarely stopped in front of the public library (if the driver could find a public library). Today the automobile carries thousands of books to and from public libraries during every hour the libraries are open. In the 1880's it took a woman as long to dress as it now takes her to drive a hundred miles, and that is probably a conservative figure. No parlor was complete without its stereoscope—a weapon which was aimed squarely at the book. The time spent daily in filling kerosene lamps could have accounted for the absorption of thousands of volumes of Mr. Howells, Mr. Stockton, and Miss Jewett.

Yes, books thrive on competition, and they always will. But beware the age of leisure, if it ever comes. The availability of all the time in the world for reading would be the worst thing that could ever happen to a book.

J. T. W.

Sunday Afternoon

By Don Gordon

SLOW blue tepid
time floats in the living room
as innocent as soft as smoke.
The afternoon bears a litter of musical moments;
Promptly on the hour come in the dogged comedians;
Brass knuckles fix the face of laughter
as the murder opens.

The eye rolls like a marble through
the colored forest,
The jungle boy whistles for his lion;
the ray gun,
The crackle of the comics, recall the heroes
lost in space.

Luckily the hired killers strangle the afternoon;
The man might otherwise look at the woman
or the woman at the man;
Someone might notice the mushroom of cigarette smoke,
the scientific elf at the window.

The man and the woman lock themselves in the room
in the afternoon of an era.
Everyone escapes but them.
All figures are caught in the act of living; everything
is normal in Herculaneum
The instant before the ash.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Why I Remain a Negro"

Some Telegraphic Responses

SIR: WALTER WHITE'S ARTICLE ON "WHY I REMAIN A NEGRO" [SRL OCT. 11] IS AN IMMENSELY IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERATURE OF RACIAL RELATIONS IN A DEMOCRACY. IT IS BOTH AN AFFIRMATION OF HIS OWN FAITH AND LOYALTY AND AN INDICTMENT OF SUCH AS WOULD DENY FULL AND EQUAL PARTICIPATION IN OUR COUNTRY'S LIFE AND HOPES TO THE RACE OF BOOKER WASHINGTON, GEORGE CARVER, DUBOIS, WELDON JOHNSON, AND WALTER WHITE.

I WOULD IN TRUTH THAT THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MY PEOPLE, WITH THEIR GLORIOUS TRADITIONS, BORE THEMSELVES WITH THE UNBROKEN PRIDE AND DIGNITY WHICH CHARACTERIZE WHITE'S "WHY I REMAIN A NEGRO." IT IS A TRAGIC TALE, TOLD WITH THE NOBILITY OF AN AMERICAN HERO, WHO HAS CHOSEN TO PLAY HIS PART AS AN AMERICAN ON THE STAGE OF THE AMERICAN SCENE, HOWEVER RELUCTANT AND GRUDGING BE THE WELCOME OFFERED HIM AND HIS RACE. WALTER WHITE'S CONFESSIO FIDEI IS A CLASSIC, WHICH OUGHT TO SERVE AS A PATTERN FOR ALL THE PEOPLES AND RACES OF OUR COUNTRY.

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SIR: ON READING THE WHITE ARTICLE ONE IS STRUCK WITH THE DEEP MEANING OF THE SAYING: THERE IS ONLY ONE ROAD TO TRUE HUMAN GREATNESS—THE ROAD THROUGH SUFFERING. IF THE SUFFERING SPRINGS FROM THE BLINDNESS AND DULNESS OF A TRADITION-BOUND SOCIETY, IT USUALLY DEGRADES THE WEAK TO A STATE OF BLIND HATE, BUT EXALTS THE STRONG TO A MORAL SUPERIORITY AND MAGNANIMITY WHICH WOULD OTHERWISE BE ALMOST BEYOND THE REACH OF MAN.

I BELIEVE THAT EVERY SENSITIVE READER WILL, AS I DID MYSELF, PUT DOWN WALTER WHITE'S ARTICLE WITH A FEELING OF THANKFULNESS. HE HAS ALLOWED US TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON THE PAINFUL ROAD TO HUMAN GREATNESS BY GIVING US A SIMPLE BIOGRAPHICAL STORY, WHICH IS IRRESISTIBLE IN ITS CONVINCING POWER.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.

PRINCETON, N. J.

SIR: WALTER WHITE'S WORDS RING LIKE THE CLEAR PEALING OF A BELL AND WILL LIVE LONG IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF MEN.

ERIC JOHNSTON.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

SIR: WALTER WHITE'S BRILLIANT ESSAY IS A REPROACH TO EVERYONE WHO LOOKS ON MANKIND WITH THE EYES OF PREJUDICE, HOWEVER SLIGHT THE ASTIGMATISM. IT IS A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE WHICH STRIKES AT THE HEART.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIR: SPLENDID ARTICLE BY WALTER WHITE IN SUCH A PAPER AS THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATUE SHOWS THAT IT IS NOT ONLY A CRITIC BUT A CREATOR OF LITERATURE. I AGREE WITH WHITE'S THESIS THAT EACH AMERICAN SHOULD CHERISH HIS OWN RACIAL AND NATIONAL ORIGIN BUT ONLY SO THAT ALL OUR DIVERSE HERITAGES CAN FURNISH A RICH BACKGROUND FOR A FULLY INTEGRATED PEOPLE. AT PRESENT WE MUST FIGHT TO BRING EQUAL RIGHTS AND OPPORTUNITIES TO THE DARKER TENTH OF OUR CITIZENS, BUT I LOOK FOR THE TIME WHEN NONE OF US NEEDS TO DEFEND HIS SPECIAL GROUP, BUT SIMPLY MAKE HIS FULL CONTRIBUTION AS AN AMERICAN.

EDWIN R. EMBREE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SIR: I HOPE WALTER WHITE'S ARTICLE WILL BE SPREAD BROADCAST ACROSS THE WHOLE COUNTRY. IT IS A STATEMENT OF FIRST-RATE IMPORTANCE, AND THE MORE AMERICANS WHO READ IT, THE BETTER FOR THE NATION.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SIR: WALTER WHITE'S CONTRIBUTION IS A GREAT STATEMENT BY A GREAT AMERICAN. NO CITIZEN WHO HAS RESPECT FOR THIS DEMOCRACY SHOULD MISS IT. GRATEFULLY,

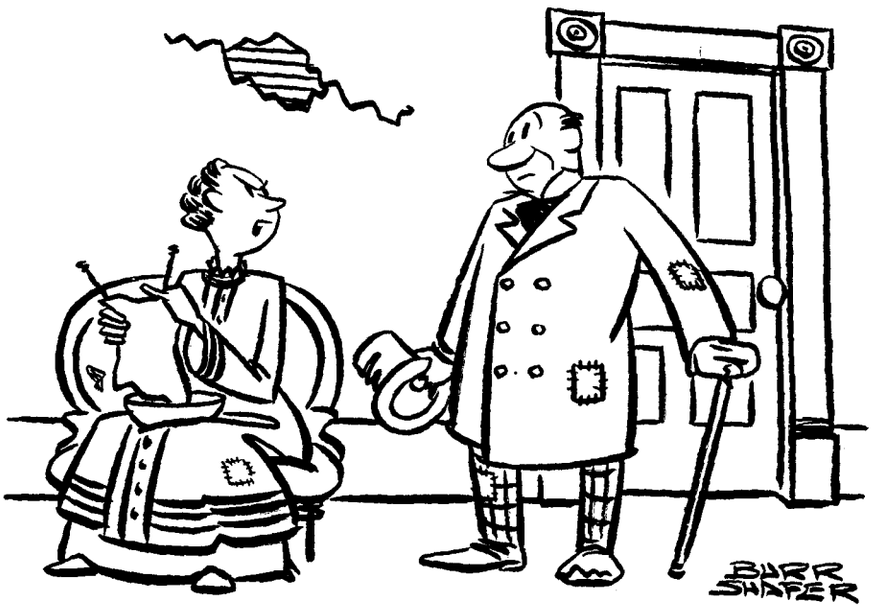
WALTER WANGER.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIR: I HOPE WALTER WHITE'S FINE STATEMENT WILL BE READ BY EVERY LITERATE WHITE PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES. THERE IS NOTHING TO ARGUE ABOUT.

CARL VAN VECHTEN.

NEW YORK CITY.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So—on what big deal did you outsmart Baron Rothschild today?"

"Mortal Hunger"

SIR: The review of my novel "Mortal Hunger" [*SRL* Aug. 23] is so packed with errors, discrepancies, and misconceptions that I am forced to make this public protest.

The reviewer shows such utter confusion in trying to comment on Hearn's work (of which he demonstrably knows little) and on the book itself that his reviews amount to a string of hasty, erroneous, obfuscated comments.

The reviewer objects to my reticence in the matter of Hearn's sex life. Reticence, too, is a relative term. The reviewer possibly wanted biological gymnastics. I don't. The reviewer concedes that Hearn was a "brilliant personality." (Whatever Hearn was, he was not a "brilliant personality.") The reviewer "grants" that Hearn is a second-rate writer (yet he clamors for the "mental processes" of such a second-rate writer). The reviewer complains that I do not analyze Hearn's "mental processes" and his literary creativeness. (That is just not true. The reviewer should have read the book.) The reviewer says I merely state that Hearn wrote "One of Cleopatra's Nights" without analyzing the literary process. Theophile Gautier wrote the story: Hearn translated it. The "mental process" involved a good knowledge of English and of French.

So the reviewer's misstatements go on, all indicative of snap conclusions and lack of knowledge.

HARRY E. WEDECK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Wedeck's objections to my review are ill-tempered and unreasonable. His remark that "the reviewer should have read the book . . ." is not only gratuitously insulting but it carries also the suggestion that no one with discernment could read his book without admiring it.

My knowledge of the subject matter of the book (Hearn's life) is undoubtedly inferior to Mr. Wedeck's. As to my critical acumen, that is another matter. Were this a scholarly monograph on Lafcadio Hearn, I imagine that *SRL* would have given it

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to a specialist for review. As it happens, Mr. Wedeck has written no scholarly monograph but a romantic novel, which I have already described as ineffectual because of its poor writing and its poor psychological penetration. I did not say that Mr. Wedeck *wanted* to write about Hearn's mental processes. I said he should have done so, and that his failure to do so is the failure of the novel. That is one of my critical functions. It may have caused Mr. Wedeck some pain, but I doubt that he found it unclear.

There is, for example, no contradiction in finding that Mr. Wedeck traces every step in Hearn's life, and still leaves much to be filled in. What is missing, fo course, is some comprehension of the interior life. I noted that in my review. As to describing Hearn as a second-rate writer, that certainly can be no injustice. First-rate means the best, the greatest. I will not make an obvious list of whom that might include. I doubt that Mr. Wedeck will find, among his scholarly references, any claim for Hearn as a great writer.

NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Where Is the Rebel?

SIR: We need a new set of intellectuals and a new brand of intellectualism. America cries for Mind. America weeps for Intellect. There are piggishness and lethargy; there is sentimentalism; there is wealth. But there is no adventure; no imagination. We need a Charles Sanders Peirce, or a William James, or a Santayana, or a Morris Raphael Cohen. We are ripe for intellectual giants to hoof it and bestride our land. We are hungry for subtlety, for logic, for metaphysics—for the knife that cuts through and through and for the hands that shape and form. Where is the thinker? The books today, the magazines, the conversation—all vapid, futile, sloshy stuff.

I am a school teacher and I know the emptiness and the mediocrity and the dryness and the dust. Look at our educational leaders—our school principals — our superintendents — steeped in the trite and the routine and the detail.

Where is the Rebel that flies the skies and illuminates our gaze and pierces our vision and makes us dizzy, dizzy with the thought that teases and tantalizes and taunts and triumphs?

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Books for a Recalcitrant

SIR: I could not resist in my capacity as children's librarian, sending you a list of books that might be very entertaining and at the same time inspiring to the boy referred to in *SRL* Sept. 20, by Mr. James O. Monroe, Jr.:

Rachel Baker's "Dr. Morton, Pioneer in the Use of Ether" (Messner).
Joe DiMaggio's "Lucky to Be a Yankee" (Greenberg).
Shannon Garst's "Jack London, Magnet for Adventure" (Messner).
Shannon Garst's "Scotty Allan, King of Dog-Team Drivers" (Messner).
Joseph Gollomb's and Alice Taylor's "Young Heroes of the War" (Vanguard).
Frank Graham's "Lou Gehrig, A Quiet Hero" (Putnam's).
Fitzhugh Green's "Martin Johnson, Lion Hunter" (Putnam's).
Morris Longstreth's "Trooper's Friend, A Tale of Mountain Prep" (Appleton-Century).
Morris Longstreth's "Trial by Wilderness" (Appleton-Century).
Stephen Meader's "Trap Lines North" (Dodd, Mead).
Col. S. P. Meek's "Pat: The Story of a Seeing-Eye Dog" (Knopf).
Leland Silliman's "The Scrapper" (Winston).
John R. Tunis's "Kid Comes Back" (Morrow).
John R. Tunis's "All-American" (Harcourt, Brace).
Robert Trumbull's "The Raft" (Holt).
All of Commander Ellsberg's books.

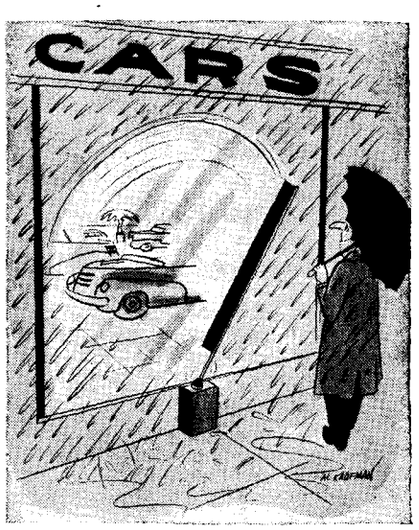
EDITH JENNINGS.

Lyndhurst, N. J.

A Note on the Gettysburg Address

SIR: Most of us have heard Lincoln's Gettysburg Address recited some hundreds of times and have read it at least as often. Of its words, perhaps the most quoted are—"that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." If the experience of others is like my own, these words have been spoken and read as though the last three prepositional phrases were coordinate grammatically and formed a climax. That is certainly the way Theodore Roosevelt understood them when he said that one of his political opponents believed in government "for the people" but not "of and by the people." This was intensified by the stress always put on "of."

Most of us may have been puzzled, as I was, to explain the difference between a government that was "of the people" and one that was carried on "by the people." But one does not question words that are almost hieratic formulas. It was only when I saw a translation of the Address into French and realized how Frenchmen would normally understand the words "*gouvernement du peuple, par le peuple et pour le peuple*," that it dawned on me that the natural meaning was precisely what the French translation suggested, *viz*, that "of the people" was an "objective genitive," and had no stress at all. In other words what Lincoln had in mind was the system of governing the people by the people and for the people.



The usual understanding of the words may perhaps be saved if we take "government of the people" as the equivalent of "popular government" and the two following phrases as the explanation of what popular government implies. In that case, also, the common declamatory stress of "of" is wrong.

Perhaps Lincoln did in fact render the words as they are now declaimed. I venture to doubt it and I invite others to share my doubt.

MAX RADIN.

University of California,
Berkeley, Calif.

Pedagogical Pattern

SIR: Thanks for your editorial "Now What We Need Is Education" [*SRL* Sept. 13], particularly for the third paragraph, dealing with the essential mediocrity which is being imposed upon American educators and American education. Perhaps your usual concentrated terseness, however, may lead to a slight misunderstanding. While it is true that many —most—teachers are underpaid and that practically all of them are forced into patterns of mediocre conformity, the two factors do not go together. Even where salary levels are reasonably high, so high that many teachers who would gladly look for more enlightened progressive school systems in which to teach hesitate to take the financial loss that such a change would entail, even there the administrative and executive forces impose that same pattern of mediocrity and conformity which has been considered typical of the small-town school system.

A CITY TEACHER.

New York, N. Y.

Antibiocide Wanted

SIR: To Dr. Greenberg's proposition [*SRL* Aug. 30] may I add an appeal to contributors and readers who are familiar with new word making, for a word which will be to Dr. Greenberg's "biocide" as "antiseptic" is to "germicide."

It is true that most humans do not die but slowly kill themselves with unphysiologic behavior. But we need a word that expresses detriment to, and interference with, human life, short of tissue murder. Language scholars have called attention to the inexact appropriation and combination of Greek and Latin "roots" by the medical profession. The word "antibiotic" suggests itself, but that is now well entrenched as a designation for the class of pharmaceuticals represented by penicillin, streptomycin, etc., although these are antibiotic chiefly to bacteria, and generally "pro-biotic" to human life when it is threatened by bacteria.

WYNAND PYLE, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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Last of the Great Radicals

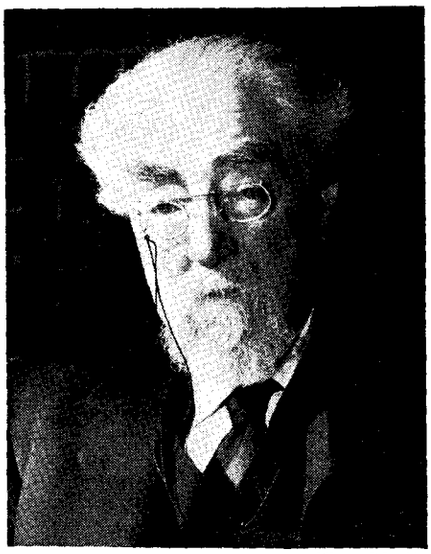
MARGARET COLE

THE DEATH of Sidney Webb at his home at Passfield Corner, in the Hampshire heather country, leaves only Bernard Shaw living of the great radical generation of the Eighties, which included not merely the Fabian Socialists, Shaw and Webb Graham Wallas, the sociologist, Oliver, the colonial administrator, Annie Besant, the fiery free-thinker who gave long years of her life to the fight for Indian nationalism, and Sidney's wife Beatrice, but also such colorful personalities as John Burns, the first Cabinet minister to come from the ranks of the horny-handed, Tom Mann, the syndicalist strike leader, Ben Tillett, the dockers' tiny champion, and Will Thorne, the gasworker, founder of the second largest trade union in Britain. They were an astonishingly vital and vigorous collection—more than two-thirds of them were still alive and vocal when the last war broke out—and not the least influential in shaping the British scene of today was Sidney Webb.

After the ending in 1943 of the great Webb partnership in which, as Sidney had prophesied to Beatrice in the days of his courtship, "one and one, placed together in a sufficiently integrated relationship, *make not two but eleven,*" his retirement became complete; he wrote no more and saw few visitors. But the tale of his life's work, in literary form alone, makes more than enough for two or three ordinary men. The first standard work, still indispensable, on the history of British Trade Unionism —ten large volumes, containing over four thousand pages, and half a dozen lesser ones, on local government in Britain—a fifteen-hundred-page political guide-book to the Soviet Union of the Thirties—a mordant tract upon the decaying morals of a capitalist civilization—a Webbian blueprint for a Socialist Britain—dozens of lesser books and pamphlets on problems of the time, some of which problems remain unsolved today—and, unrecognized but none the less important, a host of reports and documents unsigned or signed with other people's names, which Webb wrote because he was incomparably the quickest effective draftsman of his day—these make a sufficiently impressive corpus.

The importance of Webb, however, lies less in this mass of documentation, written out in the firm, round, pellucid handwriting which was so great a contrast to his wife's temperamental scrawl, and couched in the famous Webb style with its catalogue of arguments and instances deploying remorselessly upon the reader, than in the purposeful orderliness of his whole life, thought, and endeavor. From the very first, he was a natural collector of facts, his amazing memory—even to the last he could scarcely endure to reread a book, because his first reading had left so clear a verbal impression of its contents—enabled him to retain any fact that he wished to retain, and his firmly-held philosophy to select unerringly those facts which he wished to retain.

His philosophy was basically a simple Utilitarianism; his father, a hard-working accountant of the middling sort, had served as committee-man for John Stuart Mill in Westminster, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number was a good enough slogan for his son. What Webb added to the legacy Mill had left him was the conviction that in the modern age the greatest happiness of the greatest number could be achieved only through collectivist socialism; he believed that the facts of modern life proved this, and that by the accurate and painstaking assembling of the facts and their adequate presentation to thinking people he could persuade others to his own belief. It is no chance coincidence that his first notable pamphlet—it came out in 1887, and its *seventeenth* edition is now printing—was entitled "Facts for Socialists." Half of his life's work, including some of his biggish books, was



—*Wide World.*

Sidney Webb: "One and one, placed together in a sufficiently integrated relationship, *make not two but eleven.*"

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DWARFS IN LITERATURE

This week's quiz is concerned with literary dwarfs. From the brief sketches given below can you identify them and also name the stories in which they appeared? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. This villainous dwarf ate hard-boiled eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with their heads and tails on, and chewed tobacco and watercress at the same time.
2. In a fit of temper this dwarf stamped his right foot into the ground up to his waist, seized his left leg with both hands, and tore himself in two.
3. This dwarf was the bell ringer at the Notre Dame Cathedral during the fifteenth century.
4. This little fellow took his daily exercise by hanging onto the kitchen table with his teeth and swinging vigorously back and forth.
5. This tiny little girl, dressed to look exactly like her mistress, a great lady of the Italian Renaissance, danced to entertain the dinner guests.
6. Though not a dwarf herself, this little girl kept house for seven of them while they worked in a gold mine.
7. This dwarf, a king's jester, contrived a scheme by which the king and his seven ministers were burned to death while masquerading as ourang outangs.
8. He fancied that a princess was in love with him, but when this ugly little dwarf saw himself in a mirror his heart was broken.
9. This monarch was half an inch taller than any of his subjects, most of whom were about six inches in height.
10. This dwarf forged countless swords for Siegfried, all of which the hero scornfully rejected.

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in effect the presentation of facts for Socialists.

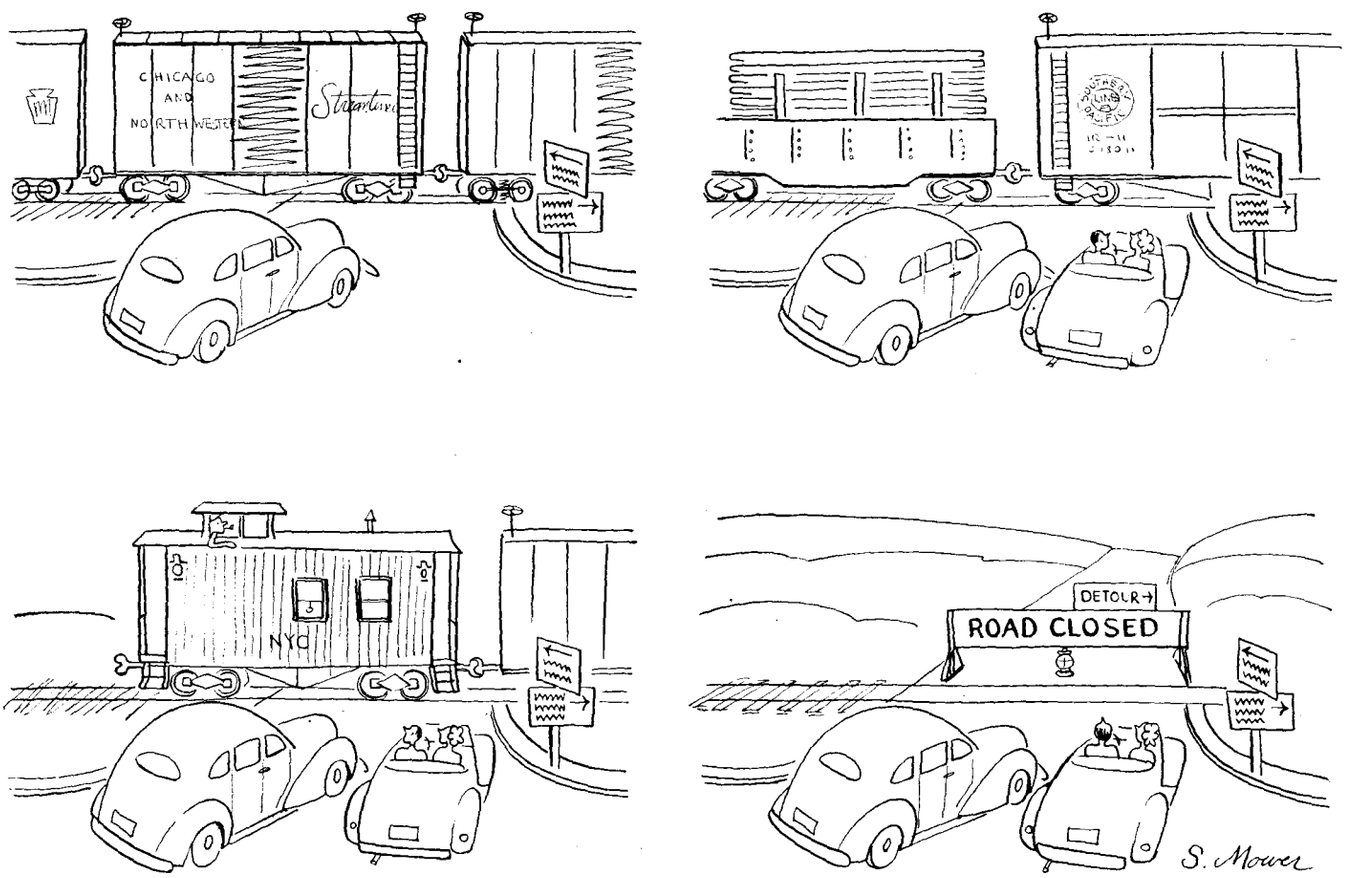
But only half. For he did not want merely to amass useful facts; he wanted also to use them to convert others to socialism, and further to create institutions whereby conviction could be translated into action. In the task of conversion he and his wife, with the aid of a few hundreds of Fabians, did a job which can hardly be paralleled in the history of society, especially if we remember that he created no myth, preached no religion, and used no discipline upon his fellow-workers. (He did not have "followers"; the Fabians were an independent-thinking crowd.) To take a few examples only: the Progressives (Liberals) won power on the London County Council in 1889 and held it till 1907 on a program provided by Webb; Keir Hardie's Independent Labor Party drew its ammunition for municipal elections from Fabian tracts; an anonymous pamphlet by Webb was translated by Balfour's government into the 1902 Education Act which set up public secondary education in Britain; the proposals which he and his wife drew up for the Poor Law Commission became with but few changes the Beveridge Report and the social insurance legislation of Mr. Atlee's Government; the first social program of the Labor Party was drafted (anonymously) by Sidney Webb. This list could easily be extended; it may be said in summary that there are very few of the changes in the domestic face of Britain over two generations which do not partly stem from the thought and the propaganda of the Webbs and their Fabian colleagues.

HIS ATTITUDE to institutions is no less important. Facts may be compiled, and proposals made, by theoreticians sitting in armchairs or, working, as the Webbs say they did in "Methods of Social Study," by shuffling sheets of notes on the dining-room table; legislation may be passed by politicians; but to bring about permanent changes in society one must create the kind of institution which will make the changes work and induce to serve in them the kind of personalities who will serve faithfully and with understanding. Of this kind of practical politics Webb was fully seized; throughout their lives he and his wife were constantly creating institutions and collecting personalities—whom they occasionally dropped with a bump when they had made a wrong selection. The earliest venture was the Fabian Society, now, I venture to say, established enough to be called an institution—over half the present Labor Cabinet are Fabians; the biggest the London School of Economics, founded in the mid-Nineties with a total capital of five thousand pounds for the purpose of curing the ignorance of five million souls in the capital city.

In the realm of politics proper, having tried and failed to work through the "enlightened" leaders of Liberals and Tories and having experimented with an ad hoc organization to end the Poor Law and establish Social Security (thirty-five years ago!), Webb turned to the embryonic Labor Party and during World War I helped Arthur Henderson to transform it into a national party with a practicable constitution. The Party which carried the polls in 1945 is still, in its essential bones, what Webb made it in 1918.

All this adds up to a considerable achievement. In addition, Webb was a lifelong democrat and believer in democracy. He was not an emotional man; I think he loved no one but his wife and the City of London, where he was born, and he did not suffer fools patiently. But he was kind to everyone, and never bore rancor for criticism, however unjust. He was hardworking without being a fanatic for overwork; he had no vanity whatsoever. And he was, unquestionably, one of the most disinterested public servants of this or any generation.

Margaret Cole, one of the original Fabian Socialists, is author of "Beatrice Webb," published last year, and the forthcoming English book "Makers of the Labor Movement."



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The War.

There have been few picture books on the war for about a year now. War-weariness, new interests, the desire to forget, may be the reasons. But now, with new books by those master photographers Steichen and Capa, we may be entering a period of renewed interest in the pictorial history of the war. Laurence Stallings's famous "The First World War: A Photographic History" appeared fifteen years after the armistice of 1918. . . . Books like Charles B. MacDonald's painstakingly accurate "Company Commander," or Sclater's diary of a Canadian destroyer, "Haida," recapture as effectively in word pictures the fading details of the war years.

On and On and On

COMPANY COMMANDER. By Charles B. MacDonald. Washington, D. C.: Infantry Journal Press 1947. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

THIS is a simple story, told in simple language, of a tough war, and of all the zany and horrible things that went into making it the greatest war in history. There will probably be books which will do a more craftsmanlike literary job in describing World War II; there may even be more lucid explanations of the strategies employed and the problems confronted in this last global battle; but nowhere, I venture to say, will there be a more honest, unassuming portrayal of the hopes and dreams and fears of a young infantry captain than is found here, in Charles B. MacDonald's first book.

"Mac," a young (twenty-one) officer replacement, straight from the States, is given, as his first assignment, the command of a veteran company of front-line infantrymen. "Company I, 23d Infantry," Mac muses. "You fought your way ashore in Normandy on D plus one. You battled to the top of Hill 192 to pave the way for the St. Lô breakout. You stormed the ring of pill-boxes at Brest and had your number reduced to fifty in the explosion as the Germans blew them up in your faces. And now they give you a company commander fresh from the States. They ask you to put your faith in me. . . . I felt weak and ineffectual."

"Company Commander" is the story of Captain MacDonald as he commands I Company on the Siegfried Line, where he faces the ordeal of fire in a defensive position inside a captured German pill-box. Fearful that his men will think him inexperienced, he suffers the initial fright of combat, grim and determined. But this outward shell soon cracks under the strain of waiting, and "Mac" soon senses the human side of war, the side of tired men and dirty soldiers, the side of frightened husbands writing home to their far-off wives. Company I moves into the Ardennes Forest, the men fight to stop the break-through, the story turns to the hospital when "Mac" gets wounded, the action begins again when "Mac" joins Company G in the open flak-war that culminates in the fall of Leipzig, and the reader is caught up in the "sheer insanity" which characterized the rat-race close of hostilities in Czechoslovakia.

Set down with the unimpassioned clarity of a morning report (the author uses the real names of the men in his companies), the book describes war in stark and dynamic colors. Emotion, when it is expressed, is done with naïve simplicity. Probably the most stirring, human scene in the entire book is the description of the first dreadful moments of the Battle of the Bulge, when the young captain, believing the disorganized retreat to be the result of his own poor leadership, promises to turn in his commission. "I Company had fallen back, but I could not blame the men. They had given in because in some way I had not led them correctly. It was I who was responsible. I would turn in my captain's bars if I ever reached the rear, or perhaps they would court-martial me. I did not care." In moving, sympathetic phrases, "Company Commander" describes effectually the constant weariness and the continued hopelessness that is always with the infantry—the "on and on and on" that drove men to battle fatigue, to the next town which, like tomorrow, was never reached. As the author points out in his preface: "To make a story of a war authentic you must see a war—not a hasty taste of war, but the dread, gnawing, daily diet of war, the horrors and fears that . . . became so much a part of you."

"Company Commander" should be a stimulating reminder to the million and more men who once served their country in the combat infantry, and who, as the author modestly avers, "win wars."

—Illustration by Grant MacDonald, for "Haida."

Destroyer Log

HAIDA. By Lieutenant Commander William Sclater, S.B., R.C.N. (R.), Ret'd. With 24 drawings in color by Grant MacDonald, Lieutenant R.C.N.V.R. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 221 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT CRONBACH

THIS is, in effect, the log of a Canadian destroyer. Lieut. Commander Sclater, who was one of her officers, begins his account the day she was launched in a shipyard in wartime England, and carries it through two years of very active duty until she and her crew sail out of the war, back to Canada for a long refit.

The *Haida* was first assigned to the famous Murmansk run. Then on patrol in the English Channel she had numerous encounters with Nazi craft in the continuous fight for control of that strategic water. On D-day she helped to maintain an uninterrupted river of ships across the Channel. Her sister ship, the *Athabaskan*, was blown up, other ships in her group were damaged and lost, and the *Haida* herself sustained many losses and considerable injury. During the fighting in France she sailed around to the Bay of Biscay, attacked the hitherto secure enemy shipping there,

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and made contact with French resistance groups.

More impressive than any particular action, however, was the unremitting and continuous nature of this service. We are told how time after time the *Haida* limped back into port after a tough and exhausting action to be patched up, refueled, and sent out again in a matter of hours.

Commander Sclater is deeply absorbed in his subject, and very well-informed in all phases of it—the men, the ships, and the organization. He tells his story in a straightforward manner and with considerable quiet humor. As a log—almost an official log (there is an introduction by the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty)—the characterizations of particular individuals are very limited and conventional. But as an account of a ship and her crew operating as an active unit in one of the most stirring phases of the war, it is exciting and moving. A book of this sort is always in danger of becoming a stereotyped blurb, but because of his sincerity and enthusiasm, Commander Sclater avoids this pitfall.

There are numerous illustrations—line and wash drawings, principally portraits and studies of various seaman types—by Lieut. Grant MacDonald, who served in the Canadian Navy as a war artist and made many of his sketches while actually aboard the *Haida*. MacDonald's style is conventional, but fluent and easy, and all the illustrations have an authentic quality which goes well with the contents of the book.

Robert Cronbach, a sculptor whose works appear in St. Louis and Washington, served during the war in the Merchant Marine.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 228

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 228 will be found in the next issue.

EOSW FOS EQWS QG QW FOS

EQF QG HIF.—FOHXKG

MSPHW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 227

Money speaks sense in a language all nations understand.

APHRA BEHN

C'est Moi

SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS. By Robert Capa. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 243 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by
MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

THIS is a vivid war record which is not at all out of focus. Told in crisp, positive text and equally straight-to-the-point pictures, the story races from Robert Capa's amazing and amusing maneuvers to become a war correspondent up to the weary day when he photographs "the last man shooting the last gun."

There have been many books on World War II, but the new element that emerges from this one is the fabulous personality of Capa himself. When he flies on a bombing mission he chooses the pilot who has been winning most at poker, because he "figures he would want to protect his winnings carefully." When he jumps into enemy territory with the Airborne (just as he has had the mishap to lose his job), instead of counting 1000 . . . 2000 . . . 3000 while holding the ripcord, Capa is repeating "Fired photographer jumps. . . Fired photographer floats." When his companions believe him killed and try to drown their grief, Capa turns up and comments, "The sudden materialization of my thirsty ghost filled my friends with disgust at their wasted sentiments, and they introduced me to the Calvados." After photographing the capture of Naples he makes such original and apt observations as: "Taking pictures of victory is like taking pictures of a church wedding ten minutes after the departure of the newlyweds. The empty-stomached merrymakers had quickly dispersed, already wondering whether the bride and groom would quarrel the next day."

Capa gives an articulate description of the job of war correspondent:

> He gets more drinks, more girls, better pay, but having the freedom to choose his spot and being allowed to be a coward and not be executed for it is his torture. The war correspondent has his stake—his life—in his hands, and he can put it on this horse or that horse, or he can put it back in his pocket at the very last minute.

Throughout the book Capa shows the same talent for catching a mood in words as is reflected in the photographs. This is plainly a photographer's book; the word and lens pictures have equal drama and authority. His moving story of the landing on Omaha Beach is an example, also the great airborne invasion of Germany, about which he writes: "On both sides of us were planes towing gliders, and it looked as if someone had spun strings from the Channel to the Rhine, and then had hung from them at intervals of a hundred yards, a lot of toy airplanes."

There is a strain of greatheartedness and warmth which gives a glow throughout the book and touches the descriptions of others. A few brief strokes convey a human portrait of his mother. (His girl, Pinky, is rather insubstantial and never quite comes to life.) But his characteristic warmth radiates through the description of the entry into Paris, which had been made (he felt) . . .

> especially for me. On a tank made by the Americans who had accepted me, riding with the Spanish Republicans with whom I had fought against fascism long years ago, I was returning to Paris—the beautiful city where I first learned to eat, drink, and love.
>
> The thousands of faces in the finder of my camera became more and more blurred; that finder was very very wet. We drove through the *quartier* where I had lived for six years, passed my house by the Lion of Belfort. My concierge was waving a handkerchief, and I was yelling to her from the rolling tank, 'C'est moi, c'est moi!"

"C'est moi" is really the theme of the book—a very satisfactory theme to the reader who has followed Capa's photographs and will find the same vitality in his words and deeds.

Hollow Joke

THE BLUE GHOST. By Edward Steichen, Capt. USNR (Ret'd.) New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 151 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by DAVID E. SCHERMAN

WHEN this reviewer was faced with the task of looking at "another book of war pictures," his heart sank. An account of the exploits of a famous Navy carrier and its young crew of fighting men, immortally heroic as they unquestionably may be, is on the face of it a tragic anachronism. The laughter of victorious pilots, the tenseness, excitement, and pathos surrounding their necessary job—everything that Edward Steichen has caught so understandingly in his beautiful pictures and skilfully interwoven text are, to a sensitive mind, a hollow, terrifying joke, and one realizes that the era of celebrating the victory is over for good and the inevitable era of "what price glory?" is coming up.

The *Lexington* was the "Blue Ghost" that the Japanese radio sank so many times. Captain Steichen, director of the United States Navy Photographic Institute, joined her at

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Pearl Harbor with a job to do. He stayed with her during some successful forays against the Gilberts and Marshalls and during one exciting episode where she caught a torpedo in her steering control but came out of it alive and still fighting. His book he calls a "tiny fragment" in the great overall image of the war, and as the greatest living American photographer and a thinking, artistic, three-dimensional character he tells his story well. Almost every combat photographer worth his salt has shot the "ready room," "dawn takeoff," "burial at sea," "the victorious warriors return," and "the bull session," to name the photo-clichés of our time. Steichen just happens to do it better. And he has added, this time, intelligent, exciting, often nostalgic running commentary, well-married with the pictures as any good illustrative text must be in a picture-story of this sort.

Most exciting to this reader were the minute-to-minute reports over the ship's speaker during a Jap air attack, and the full reprint of the Radio Press News from the "outside world"—a big league pitcher has been reclassified 1-A by his draft board, a stupid Congressman says Roosevelt is campaigning for the Presidency of the world—as incongruous to a busy fighting man as this book now must seem to the partly-adjusted, bewildered, no-longer-fighting man of this curious peacetime. Most apt are the words of Steichen's friend Carl Sandburg at the close of the book:

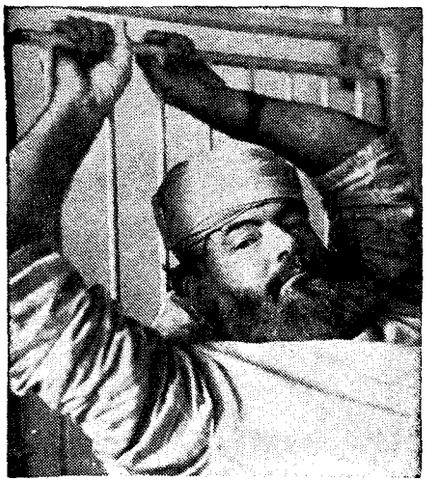
Call the roll of their names
and let it go at that.

"The Blue Ghost" is a moving book. If it leaves the reader with as unhappy a feeling as it left this reviewer, maybe it will be more useful even than its author could hope.

Life cameraman David E. Scherman spent considerable time abroad during the war, photographing bombed London particularly. He collaborated with Richard Wilcox on the pictorial "Literary England."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Daniel Quilp, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. 2. "Rumpelstiltskin," by Grimm. 3. Quasimodo, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo. 4. Giles, in "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade. 5. Alda, in "The Prince of Foxes," by Samuel Shellabarger. 6. "Snow White," by Grimm. 7. "Hop-Frog," by Edgar Allan Poe. 8. The Dwarf, in "The Birthday of the Infanta," by Oscar Wilde. 9. Golbasto Gue, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift. 10. Mime, in "Siegfried," by Wagner.



Ernest Hemingway—"Before"

. . . and "After."

—*Photos by Robert Capa from "Slightly Out of Focus."*

Paris, "where I first learned to eat, drink, and love," before the liberation—"the most unforgettable day in the world."

—*Edward Steichen Photo from the book "The Blue Ghost."*

Cheering the score in a Jap plane battle—21-0, our favor, while "a stupid Congressman says Roosevelt is campaigning for Presidency of the world."

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Seeing Things

PROGRESS AND THE SUPERMAN

"ENOUGH, then, of this goose-cackle about Progress: Man, as he is, never will nor can add a cubit to his stature by any of its quackeries, political, scientific, educational, religious, or artistic." Thus Mr. Shaw, alias John Tanner, in "The Revolutionist's Handbook" which serves "Man and Superman"* as an appendix.

The He-Ancient, though then in his middle years, was still sufficiently red-bearded to be saluted by an unawed street urchin as "Ginger Whiskers." He was pleading for a more planned parenthood than is nowadays fought for. The Life Force rather than the individual alcove was his concern; the omnipresent Yahoo (meaning you and me), his enemy.

As a Nietzschean who had turned the dead, hence defenseless, Nietzsche into a Shavian, Shaw was championing the Superman. In him he saw our only hope. The Superman would belong to a new type, a new race. He would not, therefore, be condemned to repeat in each generation the errors and cruelties of his forefathers. Our chances of survival depended upon creating a world where the unaverage mortals would be the average ones. Man as we have known him, insisted Shaw, has proved himself incapable of net progress. Accordingly, he must be replaced by the Superman, a figure achievable only by the socialization of selective breeding.

Although Shaw admitted that during recorded history Man had added to his outward conveniences, his contention was that morally Man had not moved forward one iota. Shaw refused to believe that the chauffeur who drove a motorcar from Paris to Berlin was a more highly evolved creature than the charioteer of Achilles. Or that the modern prime minister was a more enlightened ruler than Caesar because he rode a tricycle, wrote his dispatches by electric light, and instructed his stockbroker through the telephone. Our notion of Progress, thundered Mr. Shaw, was only an illusion. It was civilization's most disastrous conceit.

Instead of actually happening, the forty-four years which have slipped by since "Man and Superman" was written must seem in many respects to have been invented by Mr. Shaw for the sole purpose of proving his argument. Anyone who in the contemporary world would serve Progress as its defense attorney faces a dismaying task. Although our doctors have learned to prolong individual life, the facts of peace no less than of war encourage many to ask why. For what kind of persons morally, for what sort of world internationally, has this private longevity been achieved?

Assuredly, we have outdone the Red Queen in racing forward in order to stand still. There are those who from personal experience may question whether we have succeeded even in doing this. We have followed a tragic dual course, heading simultaneously for the North Pole and the South. We have gone forward so as to go back, and added in order to subtract. A negative springs to mind to offset every positive one can name.

We have endured the bloodiest wars in history. We have seen once civilized countries overrun by governments brutal in their means, ruthless in their denials of freedom, and proud of their lack of conscience. We have been witnesses of minority persecutions of a scale and savagery fortunately undreamed of in the past. We have been confronted with more wreckage, mortal and moral no less than architectural, than any of our forebears knew. We have had to accustom ourselves to living with mass catastrophes. We have moved in a world made hideous by more disease, death, hunger, homelessness, despair, and cruelty than history has hitherto equaled.

When John Tanner, speaking for Shaw, mentioned war, he had the Boer War in mind. That was child's play. No cynical denier of Progress could contend that, in the intervening years, in warfare we have not grown more adult. The tank has replaced the cavalry. The airplane has become the new battleship. The flame-thrower and the V-bomb have multiplied the victims of the rifle and the cannon. Yet surely such advances are only proofs of a retrogressive progress. Not even Pollyanna could congratulate Man glibly upon having moved forward while war remains necessary, when city after city has been left in ruins, when victory vanquishes the rightful victors, when famine stalks a supposedly pacific world, when distrust is a major delegate at the peace tables, and the threat of wholesale obliteration is part of each individual's consciousness.

YET the ledger is not all in red ink. We would find life purposeless, hence insupportable, if it were. The entries in black are many and written in a bold hand. They may add to the confusion of the picture but, more than being an essential feature of a tragically schizophrenic universe, they provide us with the only hope we have. In literacy, in popular legislation, in the recognition of the rights of the common man, in the forward march of labor, in our lost complacencies, in our heightened awareness of abuses and injustices, in all the sciences that make for health and comfort, and at least in our dreams of world government, we have moved ahead.

The world as it is is our problem, and a problem sizable and complex enough to depress and overtax our talents. Certainly we have not the time to wait for the appearance of the Superman. Such dictators as have mistaken themselves for him have been unpersuasive salesmen of the idea. Nor has the notion of socialized breeding increased in its appeal. Natural selection retains its popularity in and away from the marriage license bureaus. Sex has proven harder to nationalize than the coal mines. Nowhere are there signs that people are anxious to abandon what in some countries is their most genuine freedom of expression.

—*Graphic House.*

" 'Man and Superman' is the gayest, the brightest, the most original and delectable comedy to be seen in New York just now."

* *MAN AND SUPERMAN, a comedy and a philosophy by George Bernard Shaw. Staged by Maurice Evans. Associate director, George Schaefer. Setting by Frederick Stover. Costumes by David Ffolkes. Presented by Mr. Evans. With Maurice Evans, Frances Rowe, Chester Stratton, Carmen Mathews, Jack Manning, Tony Bickley, Victor Sutherland, Malcolm Keen, Josephine Brown, Phoebe MacKay, and Miriam Stovall. At the Alvin Theatre.*

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To console ourselves in the gales of a melancholy universe, we may be tempted to reach for straws. That is better than reaching for nothing. One of these straws is offered by "Man and Superman" itself. Our reception of it in its current revival demonstrates that some progress, however minuscular, has been made during this catastrophic half-century.

When Shaw noted that Napoleon had supplied Talma with a pit of kings, with an effect on Talma's acting that is not recorded, he added, "As for me, what I have always wanted is a pit of philosophers." To his way of thinking, "Man and Superman" was a play for such a pit. Even in the interests of hope we cannot pretend to have provided him with such an audience today. Yet, undeniably, the world has caught up a little with its favorite Superman. Shaw's audacities, though delectable, no longer seem as audacious as they once did.

The Elderly Gentleman has not lived and thought and written and laughed entirely in vain. He remains far ahead of us all in sanity, brilliance, intellect, eloquence, wit, goodness, knowledge, and conscience. Yet there is some consolation to be had from the fact that a world shaken by Shaw's impact does not think (however it may act) as the globe did in its pre-Shavian days. The distance which separates "Man and Superman" from its audiences today is less great than it was at the century's turn.

The eternal iconoclast has become something of an icon himself. His plays are confronted with the awful fate of being received as classics. Classics usually are works accepted without protest because they are admired without thought. Shaw himself was conscious of this altered attitude, and the hazards it presented, when "Man and Superman" was first produced. "They used to laugh when I was serious," he wrote Forbes Robertson, "but now the fashion has changed: they take their hats off when I joke, which is still more trying."

Another faint instance of progress comes from a surprising source. Believe it or not, from today's dramatic critics. You may say that my being compelled to fall back on them is a measure of how desperate are the times. Nevertheless, the changed attitude towards what constitutes a good play, as shown in the recent reviews of "Man and Superman," indicates that in some respects we have inched forward a little even in a troubled world. This advance is not limited to the reviewers alone. It includes the audiences for whom they speak.

There were real giants on the aisles of London's theatres when Mr. Shaw's comedy was new. Yet, distinguished

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as William Archer, A. B. Walkley, and Max Beerbohm were as critics, theirs was a far more dogmatic, therefore narrower, notion of playwriting than is nowadays prevalent.

They had not learned the wisdom of Coleridge's "You cannot pass an act of uniformity against the poets." Although they had few poets to deal with, these truly able men were prisoners of a special image of dramatic correctness. They were the victims of Sardou and "Sardoodledum," of Pinero and "Pinerotic" craftsmanship. Their enthusiasms were corseted by definitions. They were worshipers of the "well-made play"; slaves of such Archerian technical points as "Exposition," "Foreshadowing," "The Obligatory Scene," "The Peripety," held scenes, big climaxes, carry-over curtain lines, and what-not.

Although they said their ideal was plays that were true to life, what they meant by this was plays which remained faithful to the stage—as it then was. Their passion for construction was such that they wanted dramatists to be engineers no less than architects. They could admire a playwright who, in the interest of thought, of freedom, or imagination, extended the stage's limited scope. If, however, he proved larger in spirit, mind, or practice than the form they prized, they refused to recognize him as a playwright. What all this amounted to was saying that a swimmer who had swum the Atlantic was no swimmer at all unless he wore a regulation bathing suit.

Beerbohm, for example, who was truly "incomparable," found "Man and Superman" "infinitely better, to my peculiar taste, than any play I have ever read or seen enacted." Yet even he was quick to add, "But a play it is not." In his confusion he was driven to compare it with Lucian and Landor; above all, with Plato. Although he admired it as a Platonic dialogue, Shaw's dramaturgy was too different from Pinero's for him to accept it as a play. Beerbohm was stubborn in his insistence that Shaw was "a critic, and not a creator at all."

The suave and charming Walkley was no less adamant. It is he, of course, in whose debt we stand for "Man and Superman," since it was he who challenged Shaw to write a play on the Don Juan theme, even as Archer had once dared him, with "The Doctor's Dilemma" as the result, to write a play about death. In a coruscating review Walkley admitted he had been "immensely amused" (as who wouldn't be by Shaw's comedy?). Nonetheless, he was firm in his contention that its author was "no dramatist at all."

Whatever the lacks of contemporary

playgoers or critics may be, we are freer now. We have at least shed those fetters of that earlier day. Mr. Shaw has been one of the major forces in the modern theatre to rid us of them. He has won his conspiracy against the stage of Sir Henry Irving. He is now universally revered not only as a prophet, a preface-writer, the world's foremost critic at large, a wit, and a Fabian, but also as a playwright. We find him funnier than Plato and thank God he is not Pinero.

By and large the worship of the *pièce bien faite* is deader than Queen Alexandra. Today we smile at tight definitions because we distrust them. We are glad when a new work so goes beyond them that it demonstrates their futility. We rejoice when the stencil is broken, the form extended, the theatre enlarged. The stage irks us when it stands still. Our wan hope is that, instead of following us, it will invite us to follow it.

If we must have indefinable terms defined for us, we are willing to settle for Professor Baker's "A good play is an accurately conveyed emotion." Yet, having welcomed so all-inclusive a definition, we are delighted to find that "Man and Superman," by being an accurately conveyed *lack* of emotion, fails to hold either water or Shaw.

WE DO not give a tinker's beldam at present whether Mr. Shaw's text has been built in the image of Pinero or Jones, Dumas or Augier, Ibsen or Hellman. We are happy because palpably it is Shaw's property and no one else's. We know only—and care only—that, as revived by Maurice Evans, "Man and Superman" is beyond question the gayest, the brightest, the most original and delectable comedy to be seen in New York just now.

A New York manager, when Robert Loraine was trying to get the play produced in 1905, may have been horrified by its plot idea of a woman chasing a man. He may have rejected

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the script because he feared its theme was "indullicate." No one finds it so today. To us Shaw's theme is at the core of his text's pleasure. In itself this may be a proof of progress—in the collapse of the romantic dream, the awakening to reality, or the spread of sad disillusionment.

My "old sobersides" approach to so diverting an entertainment may strike you as odd, if not utterly misplaced. I have my reasons. What we see and relish in the theatre ("that last sanctuary of unreality," as Shaw dubbed it) is no more the whole of "Man and Superman" than what glitters above the ocean's surface is the whole of an iceberg. Mr. Evans cannot be blamed for this. Not even people who would submit to being repeaters at "The Passion Play" or theatregoers accustomed to O'Neill's "mastodonic" dramas (courtesy of Richard Watts, Jr.) could be expected to absorb all of "Man and Superman" at a single sitting. For "Man and Superman" not only consists of the three sprightly acts which Mr. Evans, like his predecessors, has found practical to play. Taken by themselves, these acts are self-reliant and vastly entertaining. Yet, above and beyond them, and an integral part of the thesis Shaw is advancing with his glorious garrulity, there is, first of all and not unsurprisingly, the preface. This is a dazzling affair which, in the midst of its intellectual acrobatics on the subject of sex, marriage, woman in general, style, the purpose of life, its author's contempt for the pure artist, and Shaw only knows what else, explains what Shaw is doing with the Don Juan theme.

Then, there is the necessarily omitted third act. Beginning with the bandit Mendoza, and the mountain-pass meeting of the League of the Sierra, it reaches its climax in the famous "Hell Scene." This is long enough to make an evening in itself, and is one of the most eloquent and witty of all Shaw's dialectics. Finally, there comes, both as appendix and summation, "The Revolutionist's Handbook," which all too often is ignored. In it John Tanner sets down Shaw's philosophy unimpeded by plot; denies Progress; pleads for the Superman; and offers some maxims, some of which are brilliant but many of which find Shaw a nodding La Rochefoucauld.

DON'T misunderstand me. None of this homework must be done in order to enjoy Mr. Evans's production of "Man and Superman." But all of it must be done (and the doing of it is as painless an operation as this world knows) to have a full understanding of what Shaw is up to. As usual he had more on his mind than he could squeeze into dramatic form. As usual, too, though he seemed to be laughing and makes us laugh, he was in deadly earnest.

When Tolstoy was confronted with a copy of "Man and Superman," he complained at the gaiety with which Shaw dealt with a serious subject. "Why should humor and laughter be excommunicated?" replied Shaw. "Suppose the world were only one of God's jokes, would you work any the less to make it a good joke instead of a bad one?"

Being a Shavian jest, the comedy covers, even in its abbreviated form, a

"Mom, you know your new living-room chair that you can write on with crayon, spill ink on, smear with cold cream or sticky candy, and it won't hurt? . . . I burned a hole in it."

Hornberg near Gstaad

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dizzying amount of territory. "Art for art's sake" it most decidedly is not. But talk for talk's sake it most certainly is. And what wonderful talk! A plot, which soon becomes the scenario for an extravaganza, leaves Shaw free to ventilate his unpredictable views on predatory and mendacious females, the inanities of respectability, the Life Force, the chauffeur as the prototype of the New Man, the American man's idealization of woman, and any number of other topics, all of which as treated betray the incredible agility of Shaw's mind.

Mr. Evans has set the comedy before us in terms which are, on the whole, irresistible. Quite rightly he and his better players act it, plumage, style, and all, as if it were a period piece. They treat it much as if it were a comedy by a more intellectual Oscar Wilde. Part of the evening's fun, however, comes from seeing not how much but how little of Shaw's thinking refuses to be dated.

I am glad for the sake of some of the actors Mr. Evans has frugally employed that Shaw is not still functioning as a dramatic critic. I do wish, however, that our latter-day Methuselah could see Jack Manning's Straker; Victor Sutherland and Tony Bickley as the American father and son; Carmen Mathews as Violet; Frances Rowe's spirited and intelligent Ann Whitefield; and, above all, Mr. Evans's John Tanner.

In his make-up as Tanner Mr. Evans does not attempt to resemble Shaw as Granville Barker is said to have done. No character in a Wilde comedy could look more debonair than he does. Yet there are undeniable traces of Hamlet in Mr. Evans's gay and engaging performance. There are moments, for example, when you could swear he was on the verge of addressing the players, seeing his father's ghost, mocking Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, sending Ophelia trotting, or apostrophizing Yorick's skull. Always, however, Mr. Evans catches himself in time, remembering his present whereabouts.

My suspicion is that these hints of Hamlet would please Shaw. The linking of Shakespeare and Shaw would come as no surprise to G.B.S. He long ago anticipated it. Shaw would, no doubt, consider it his just desert to have his lines read as if they were at least as good as Shakespeare's.

Although he may have pretended to hate Shakespeare's mind, Shaw has always doted on his music. Why not? As a word-musician, the author of "Man and Superman" is also capable of infinite magic. He, too, can strum the dictionary and fiddle the language. No one in the English-speaking theatre since the Bard's

time has written speeches livelier in their melodies or lovelier in their cadences than has Shaw at his most eloquent. His great tirades, though in prose and filled with humor, have about them the aria quality of Shakespearean soliloquies.

When he was a dramatic critic, Shaw stated his contempt in no uncertain terms for actors who prided themselves on muffling the music in Shakespeare's lines by speaking them as if they were prose. We should be equally resentful of any players who, instead of luxuriating in Shaw's prose rhythms, seek to over-colloquialize them. The performer who would do justice to Shaw must keep up not only with Shaw's music but with his mind. Mr. Evans does both—admirably.

Mr. Evans has announced that, if a sufficient number of people urge him to do so, he will produce the "Hell Scene" before the season is over. I trust he does bring it to the stage. Without it, and the preface—yes and "The Revolutionist's Handbook"—"Man and Superman" is incomplete in spite of its delights. The "Hell Scene" would do much, though by no means all, to give a fuller statement to what Shaw intended to be both "a Comedy *and* a Philosophy."

We may sneer today at Shaw's notion of the Nietzschean Superman. No one, however, can deny in these imperiled times the urgency of Shaw's plea that for the sake of his survival Man must become better and wiser than he is. We have at any rate progressed, indeed rushed forward, to this tragic and decisive point.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Ballade of Long Waiting

By Mark Haymon

WHEN I, last year, my inmost soul
Bared for your weekly journal,
And you okayed the little scroll
That had filled my hours nocturnal,
Little I dreamed what time infernal
Before you showed its face.
My fable isn't *that* eternal—
Publish and pay with speed and grace.

All summer long in climate foul,
Way past the season vernal,
I sweated to achieve the goal,
I did my stint diurnal.
Once more the sun seems like to burn all,
The seasons run their race,
And still my tale you keep hibernal—
Publish and pay with speed and grace!

What though THE PRAYER upon the whole,
From evidence internal,
Be not with Shakespeare, God and all
His angels, coeternal?
Too late it is to be fraternal
When tolls the bell apace;
Alas! we all are hodiernal—
Publish and pay with speed and grace.

Envoi

Prince, or Editor paternal,
Lord of the printing space,
This, this of my complaint's the kernel:—
Publish and pay with speed and grace.

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traction. When the Laurelwoods' true feeling about her children is overheard, Bess Hovenden's last thread of traditional affection snaps abruptly; she wants nothing further of them. They may go, go soon and forever.

We have been bludgeoned and beaten about the head with such brutal realism in fiction lately, with such forceful reporting, that this quiet tale, autumnal in its melancholy implication of the death of illusion, of glitter dimmed and charm dispelled, is indeed something to be grateful for.

Black & White Reds

CLARKTON. By Howard Fast. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY BULL

THE AUTHOR of "Citizen Tom Paine" has achieved a minor tour de force. He has taken the straight Russian Communist pattern for a work of art, cut it to an American locale, and found a willing publisher. No play on the Moscow boards could follow more carefully the need to draw the required class distinctions in black and white, with never so much as a shading of gray. The forty-three Communists in Clarkton, Howard Fast's imaginary Massachusetts setting, are as brave and lovable as the forces of government and capital are not. Clarkton is a one-plant town, and when 1945 brings its first strike since before the New Deal, the issue is described in no unpartisan terms by Mr. Fast. But so plutocratically degenerate is the family of the owner, George Clark Lowell, and so unprovokedly brutal are the plant managers, the local officers of the law, and the industrial consultant imported from the thirty-second floor of the Empire State Building, that instead of a conflict between real human beings, we have nothing but a set of rival protagonists of doctrinaire attitudes.

Granted that the novel is a flexible medium, and that the American novel is in need of some new blood, then Mr. Fast may be considered to have made an original contribution. But it seems to me that in parodying the contemporary Soviet manner with no more of a smile than you might expect of Vishinsky, he may mislead some of his younger readers into taking Clarkton seriously. Older people,

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The Judge's Story

who remember that his election to the Presidency failed to win Calvin Coolidge an acknowledged kinship with those Beacon Street Coolidges who had married into Thomas Jefferson's family, will get the point when the propagandist line goes so far as to assert, without explanation, that Lowell's father, born in poverty in Taunton, was able, by the expenditure of a "cool fifty thousand dollars to prove that he was a Lowell in the Massachusetts sense and that the village of Clarkton had been settled by his great-grandfather." Others will catch on when even biology joins forces with the Reds, and Mr. Lowell, who quotes Aristotle and Thoreau to his plant managers and strikebreakers, is the only character to come down with what "the lower classes call clap."

But I doubt if the *Daily Worker* will ever spot this for the Fast one that it is.

Feminine Paragon

CHATTERTON SQUARE. By E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 321 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

E. H. YOUNG has written some engaging novels in the past, but since 1938 she has published nothing new. Now "Chatterton Square" appears, sheer pleasure from start to finish. It is hard to decide whether the warm admirers of "Miss Mole" and "William," who know, at least in part, what they may look forward to, or those to whom "Chatterton Square" is going to come as a surprise, are most to be envied.

In a shabby but still respectable square in Upper Radstowe, that West Country, English town in which Miss Young's previous novels have been laid, two families occupy adjoining houses. Mrs. Fraser, her five children, and her great friend Agnes Spanner make up one household. At forty-three Rosamund Fraser is still beautiful and gay, despite the fact that her husband, overcome by the responsibilities of parenthood, has deserted her, and she is bringing up her large family on very meagre funds, eked out by the generous contributions of her paying guest and long-time friend, Miss Spanner. In her next door neighbors, the Blacketts, Mrs. Fraser rouses divergent emotions. Secretly observing her from her own house, Mrs. Blackett is charmed, for

> she had not settled down into being the mother of a family with no more adventures ahead of her; she

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never would. She was ready for the next good thing that came her way, and though it was a readiness which could be easily misunderstood, that possibility would not trouble or control her. For she seemed to have the right kind of freedom, one involving no defiance or any need to assert itself, a heritage taken for granted like her share of the sunshine.

But Mr. Blackett, surely the most insufferably priggish man in fiction, whose colossal self-conceit makes him confident that every pretty woman must be madly attracted by him, feels that her beauty, her air of well-being and gaiety, "which, in a woman over forty had an unsuitable air of mischief in it," are a threat to himself. He expects his family, the three daughters whom he dominates, the wife who exists—and, he feels, quite rightly—only to mirror his opinions, to acquiesce in his disapproval of the Fraser household. He has reckoned, however, without a great many factors quite beyond his control. A friendship, tentative at first, then increasingly warm and easy, gradually links the two houses.

Meantime the threat of war is hanging over these families, as over all the world, and is the menace which the agreeable Fraser children shrink from ignoring but hesitate to count on as they develop their dreams and plans. No writer of Miss Young's sensitive subtlety would offer her readers a happy ending in England, 1938. But before the book closes Rosamund Fraser's emotional dilemma is resolved, at least.

In Mrs. Fraser the author has created one of the most engaging heroines you are likely to encounter in many a year's reading. (Mothers have much to learn from her, and she cannot fail to cheer any woman who is middle-aged, or who expects to be so.) And never has there been a more detached and entertaining friendship between two women than that of Rosamund Fraser and Miss Spanner.

Just for good measure the delicately wicked portrait of a worm in the act of turning (or Mrs. Blackett's revolt) adds a third and highly satisfactory woman to this unusually amusing gallery.

What lifts this above the level of even much more than ordinarily good fiction is the reaction of the Fraser family to the appeasement being practised in England's name, to the wilful blindness of so many of their fellow countrymen. Quietly, for it is quietly that she works, but with deep feeling, Miss Young expresses a love for England and sorrow for her role which must have been shared by thousands but has seldom been as movingly expressed.

Thank you, MR. BENÉT

the Phoenix Nest

What I consider an event in American editing is the publication as the lead article in *Harper's Magazine* for September of Henry Steel Commager's "Who is Loyal to America?" After the high tide of Congressional balderdash, hysterical snarling, and shouting through the august halls of the Capitol; after all the feverish ranting and quarter-baked pronouncements of the gutter press; the pusillanimity of educators, and the temporary triumph of mumbo-jumbo, at last a real American has been heard from, speaking for sanity and ordinary intelligence, and reminding us of what this country really represents.

I have long thought that it would be a good thing to make obligatory a special course for those entering Congress, to teach them at least the fundamentals of American history, of world history, of sociology, of economics, of philosophy, and of elementary religion. Meanwhile Mr. Commager, one of our most enlightened historians, speaks for the principles I had always thought and believed animated the United States of America. For even a few years ago I was actually living in such a fool's paradise that I didn't know that some people had to pay in order to vote! I thought everybody in the United States had the right to vote as the Constitution provided!

You can purchase a copy of Mr. Commager's article, a superb one, by sending fifteen cents to *Harper's Magazine*, Department G, 49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N. Y., and I sincerely hope that every reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature*

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Poetry.

It is inevitable that in a world as chaotic as the present the dichotomy which marks life in general should be reflected in the mood of literature. With events jostling one another in jangling confusion, to be heard at all demands stridency, to be attended to originality; on the other hand to endure the turmoil of the day men must be able to return to the gentle and the familiar. The poets, like others, are caught in the dilemma of their generation, and we get, therefore, at times verse which reflects the division in the loud urgency of its expression and at others poetry which eschews the brawl but nevertheless echoes it in its deep-toned insistence on spiritual values. As Mr. Hillyer says below, "There are times when silence has to be vociferous to be heard at all."

Old Rainbow Chaser

THE OLD MANDARIN: More Translations from the Chinese. By Christopher Morley, with illustrations by Carl Rose. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 117 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

OLD MANDARIN, old rainbow-chaser, old
Receptionist — r e c e i v e r of stray thought:
You catch me in the midriff where I fold
With laughter, and I'm happy to be caught.

You'd be surprised, perhaps, how many dealers
In trivia don your gown of hodden gray
And (lower-case o.m.'s) become annealers
Of thought uncommon to this common clay.

Long since (a quarter century) you perfected
Verse-formulas for drawing parallels,
And in that quarter century you've elected
To perfect, too, verse-telling so it tells.

But most important (in celestial speech)
Is how you keep in front yet lag behind;
Contrive this modern learning as you teach,
Yet orient our occidental mind.

Man's frightful speed, vertiginous display;
The tough, the vulgar, and the strangely cheap:
There's nothing in it? *What!* Deduce, you say!
And off you carom in your mental Jeep.

So here again I find you, Old Perceiver,
With mystic sermon and seductive psalm:
Wise and remote, implacable believer;
Stealthy, impertinent as Peiping Tom.

Wonder once more that you can fetch your symbols
And keep the wit so many poets lack.
It may not be Chinese, but fresh rice timbales
Taste better than stale breadcrumbs bitter-black.

And isn't it the Art of the Unfinished
That makes a poem immortal? Late and soon
Non-sequiturs will haunt us undiminished:
Your "low, large, red, refracted rising moon."

Ok, O.M. You've differentiated
Between the cause of poetry and pose:
And to your Ancestors you'll be translated,
Configured by an oriental Rose.

--Illustration from "The Wisdom of Confucius."

Urban Jangle

SELECTED POEMS. By Oscar Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 143 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

BECAUSE of Oscar Williams's devotion to poetry, because of the many services which, with his numerous anthologies, he has performed for the cause of poetry, the reviewer of this book wishes that he could assent to the observation of John Malcolm Brinnin: "Oscar Williams is without doubt a superior poet with a wide dexterity in the use of forms and a spectacular imagination which, on the evidence of the present book, he has proceeded to discipline severely." Unhappily he can not. It is true that Mr. Williams has a spectacular imagination; but to say that he has ever learned to control it, let alone "discipline" it "severely," is simply irresponsible. As for the wide dexterity in the use of forms: the verse more often than not trembles on the verge of formlessness, as in the lurching couplets of "Subway," the extraordinarily awkward, limerick-like stanza of "Eye of Sleep" and "A Grave"; or it may be a commonplace manipulation of conventional quatrains or tercets, or even the sonnet. Nor is Mr. Williams more sensitive to rime than to rhythm: "rules : jewels" ("The Seesaw") and "silence : tyrants" ("A Grave") are censurable as lapses; what is more troublesome is the coarse nakedness of the sound: "He turned around and the wind opened spigots of swift air / On his head, up his thighs he felt the earth's lips creep, / And lo, the light gleamed spiritedly from his own fair / Housetop, but he couldn't move, the track was so deep." Sonally, this poetry is slipshod.

Let us forget the noise that the poems make. What are they saying? And here we are on more attractive ground. Mr. Williams's passionate indignations, his generosities, even his frantic cultivation of the nightmare, speak tellingly for the usually inarticulate little fellow confronted with the obscenity of metropolitan existence. He is at his best in these city poems where the imagery takes over and the sonal qualities are of less account: in "Cafeteria Afternoon," for example, or in "The Man Coming Toward You," or "The Children's Playground." Yet even here he is likely to lose control, whether in pursuit of an extravagance ("My neighbor in front in the rustling coils of his paper / Leaps in a convulsive clinch with the leper of truth") or simply in love with a kind of neo-

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Gongorism: "Divine seesaw! Rise in thine arc of higher!" The result is often a meaningless violence. "Better to unloose a flock of screams into the rain," than to acquiesce passively. That is true. But a flock of screams is, after all, a flock of screams—not the surest way of convincing, certainly not the way of the responsible artist. To the extent that Mr. Williams is content with screaming I consider him an inferior poet.

Tranquil Wells

LIFE IS THE FLESH. By Louise Townsend Nicholl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 52 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

A CHINESE poet once observed that Lao Tzu wrote twenty volumes to teach the value of Silence. Well, why not? There are times when silence has to be vociferous to be heard at all. Today the audience attuned to poetry is listening for that voice, a murmur still persisting like an underground river and coming to the surface at intervals. Louise Townsend Nicholl is one of the quieter poets, and in her work we are aware of spiritual wells which, though withdrawn, are available to those who would share them.

"Life Is the Flesh" is a collection of some thirty poems meditative in mood and quietly intense. One of the finest, "How Beautiful It Is!," deals with the dualism of human experience which is the prevailing theme of the book. "Beauty says nothing to the brokenhearted," the poet observes. But it is "the anesthetic for too great an ill." The woman in the poem can find no cure for sorrow; she can only release it by letting "the poor heart shatter" and yielding to the healing distraction of sensuous delight.

> Strong remedy to match a desperate matter,
> Beauty the drug which stands the world in stead.

This is the philosophy of escape, glibly condemned by so many critics who would have us conquer ugliness by becoming a part of it, but nevertheless upheld by artists who possess what we might term spiritual common sense.

Miss Nicholl's language, like her conviction of immortality and final good, is clear and persuasive. Her decorations are restrained, her use of metaphor is sparing. The device of script as a figure in "A Letter Sent Unsealed" is effective, as is the double meaning of "summer's italic replica" in a later poem. The first

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poem in the book, however, is an example of her occasional over-dependence on adjectives. Also, we are sometimes jarred by a kind of punning, such as the phrase "incarnate and incarnadine" or the combination of *Thursday* with *thrush-day,* which is more like a slip of the tongue than poetry.

The finest poems in the book are the title-poem (an unusual phenomenon, most title-poems being among the weakest); "A Poem Lost," which has the true magic of the mystic's dream; "A Letter Sent Unsealed," one of the best of the sonnets; "Mothers and Daughters," a pictorial memory of unusual beauty; "The Halo-Look," a sudden intuition of perpetual light; "Italic Replica"; "Retard for Spring," which is pure song; "Hudson River School of Painting," a picture embodying the old problem of how much the changes of Nature are intrinsic and how much in the eye of the beholder; and "Summer Nights."

The unobtrusive power of Miss Nicholl's work and her own critical selectiveness combine to give this volume unusual distinction.

Dichotomic Verse

THE IMAGE AND THE LAW. By Howard Nemerov. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 69 *pp.* $2.

BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES. By E. Merrill Root. Chicago: Packard & Co. 1947. 109 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLEMING MACLIESH

THESE two books might serve to illustrate again, on a small scale, the dichotomy in contemporary verse, if one could be said to be contemporary at all except by convention. Mr. Nemerov, in his effort to achieve what is fresh, incisive, and concise, sometimes produces involutions and contortions which are often unmusical and generally difficult. Mr. Root's verse bowls along with a certain easy rhythm and simplicity but is marred by platitudes and displays a lack of originality which would be notable if it were not that its counterparts appear with relentless persistency.

Of the two, Mr. Nemerov's book certainly merits, by a considerable margin, the more serious attention. To begin with the faults and so come to the virtues, his lapses are never gross. When lines or poems fail, they are not painful to read but merely flat and undistinguished or obscure with an obscurity which seems partly due to intellectual tension, partly to a wilful employment of the startling

or original image even if it violates context and clarity, and partly to a kind of protective coloration. I think certain of the poems in the book might have been omitted entirely, since they say very little and say it in a singularly unexciting way, and that others would be improved by judicious cutting. For example, a poem like "The Place of Value" would gain measurably by merely excising the sentence: "He screamed once,/ An adequate criticism and his best / Epigram—" which is not only amateurish and straining but spoils a nice dramatic effect. Similarly, lines such as: "It is night, and it is the season of winter./ It is in time, and time passes, and / The world is not a stage . . ." simply remind me of something like, "And Mr. Wilkinson, an elderly clergyman." It also seems to me that the use of words like *sempiternal, alway, perdurable,* and *attent,* together with *Good folk all, may ye* and *fellow,* though employed for deliberate effect, is not happy. This may be one of the echoes of Ezra Pound—the earlier Pound, before "Mauberly," "Propertius," and the "Cantos"—which appear in several poems. Two of them, as a matter of fact, are called "Sestina I" and "Sestina II." These, of course, may derive from the early models, since Pound was hardly the only one who rediscovered or reworked this form. Nevertheless, whatever the derivation, it does not seem to me a good choice for a language accented as is ours, since the continual repetition of the same line-endings in a complex pattern only results in a slow and laborious effect, like heavy breathing.

If these are some of the faults, there are corresponding virtues. Poems like "The Triumph of Education" and "A Chromium Plated Hat" have a pertinent wit, and there are many highly pleasant surprises such as the picture of exasperating vacuity in "Metropolitan Sunday." Further, throughout the book the incidence of lines which contain genuine excitement shows that they are not merely accidental or haphazard: ". . . and achieved / In the paralysis of distance / A splendid fixity . . ." or, of Lot's wife: "Standing at the furthest /

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Commark of lust's county. / Unwilling to enjoy, / Unable to escape, I make / Salt the rain of the world." I think this last and "For the Squadron" among the three or four best organized poems in the book, and would like particularly to cite "The Situation Does Not Change" — which achieves its rightness as a whole: ordered, clear, and intense.

The verse of E. Merrill Root has been hailed in certain quarters as a poetry of affirmation, and so, in a sense, it is. Parenthetically, it seems a pity that those critics who are always demanding some kind of unmistakably affirmative statement from poets should be driven to such extremes to find it or should have to fall back with such desperate regularity on John Greenleaf Whittier. If, as is certainly true, our time most urgently needs some deeper affirmation of existence and the purposes behind it, no superficial optimism, which may well be that of the steer on its way to the slaughter house, will suffice; the affirmation of the light will have to be at least as profound and as aware of the factors involved as is our experience of the darkness. In this respect "Before The Swallow Dares" is undeniably lacking. As for style, the book unfortunately begins with a poem which is not only titled "Out of the Multiverse" but addresses the antelope as "O rapid vagrance"—for which there is no excuse except to rhyme with "fragrance," and even then it is inexcusable. The next poem ends with the line: "And laugh at the lightning's fang of death." In a piece called "Lonely Landscape," "the alders close laconic." On Columbus's ". . . poor head there is not one hair / That is not grey." There is a statement about Israel Putnam's ". . . laughing heart—/ A flame that fed on oak." Mr. Root seems to be aware of his critics, since he states in "Solar Culprit": "They say I am wild and lavish / And my imagery too rich . . ." I am afraid some will say more.

If Mr. Nemerov might with profit invite his muse a little more boldly, though at possibly greater risk, Mr. Root should whip his into shape, as she is slouching badly. He appears to have convictions about which he is both earnest and sincere. It does them no justice to celebrate them in verse which contains far too many well-worn images and obvious phrases and which should be subjected, at the least, to a much stricter discipline.

A. Fleming MacLiesh, although a poet, is no relation of Archibald MacLeish. With Robert de Sanmarzano he wrote the burlesque "Infernal Machine."

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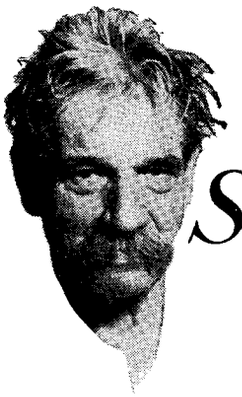

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

THE MAN AND HIS MIND

By GEORGE SEAVER

European scholars have ranked Albert Schweitzer with Leonardo Da Vinci and Goethe. LIFE magazine referred to him in a recent article as *"the greatest man in the world"*. American churchmen have called him variously *"the greatest soul in Christendom"* and *"the most civilized man of the twentieth century."* Yet he is living and working in a forest hospital in Equatorial Africa, has not yet finished his magnum opus, *The Philosophy of Civilization*, and plans a trip to America in the near future.

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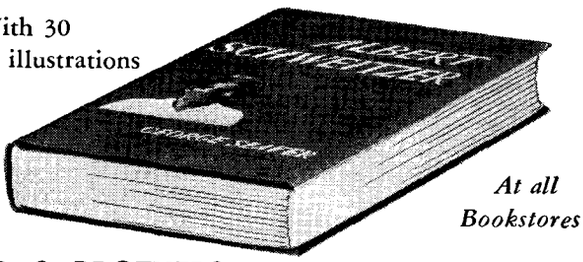

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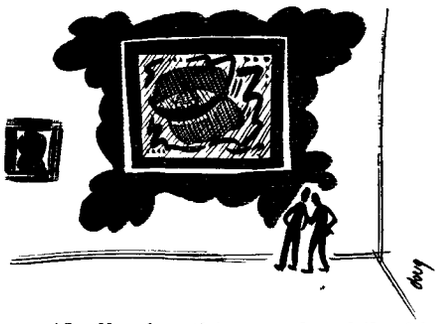
THE FINE ARTS

A SALVO TO RECENT ART BOOKS

THE APPEARANCE of a new publisher of art books is still something of an event in this country, and I wish a cannon of small and reliable calibre could be fired from the ramparts of the Metropolitan Museum to herald an occasion of the kind. We owe a salvo now to Lear Publishers, whose editors have shown decided imagination in the choice of the four titles they have issued thus far. One of these, "Botticelli's Drawings for Dante's Inferno," was mentioned in this column some months ago, when it was pointed out that the reproductions were rather faint. Nevertheless, this is the unusual sort of book that is sometimes acquired only by writing some such organization as *Les amis de la virginité métaphysique de Béatrice, contre la calomnie mondaine,* probably with headquarters in Berne. It is good to have Botticelli's superb illustrations readily at hand, at modest price ($5).

The two more recent Lear books are uneven in quality of printing, too, but they confirm the editors' imaginative gifts, and I hope they will succeed well enough to provide a larger budget for future publications. (I assume that lack of working capital accounts for Lear's inferior reproductions, though the price of their books is probably kept low deliberately). The two new volumes are Charles Baudelaire's "Delacroix, His Life and Work," with many illustrations, and "Picasso: Forty-nine New Lithographs" (both distributed by Crown Publishers, each $5). This is a remarkable combination of titles to begin with, for Delacroix is usually held in contempt by those who appreciate Picasso, while the great Romantic's apologists often dismiss Picasso as a berserk chameleon. The truth of the matter is that both Delacroix and Picasso are major artists in separate directions, and only those whose own creative purpose requires a narrowing of taste, need discard one for the other. Of course Baudelaire himself stressed the value of *exclusive* judgment in esthetic matters. But he understood Ingres' virtues as well as Delacroix's, though they were very opposite, and he gave no sign of that dogmatic cant which foams from the lips of certain partisans of "pure" art. His text on Delacroix is assuredly one of the most brilliant pieces of art criticism in existence, its imagery covering an extraordinary range of romantic eloquence. It complements Delacroix's visual genius closely, whereas in the Lear publication devoted to Picasso's recent prints, a translation of Balzac's "*Chef d'Oeuvre Inconnu*" is printed as incidental music to the plates. I thought this an odd idea at first, since Picasso once executed magnificent illustrations



specifically for this novel, while his recent lithographs have no direct connection with it. However, Balzac's text is concerned with the process of artistic evolution, and makes an agreeable foil to Picasso's prints, shown here in varying stages of development. To see Picasso working at full vigor, we can look this fall at the beautifully printed "Guernica" (Curt Valentin, New York, $15), in which 104 plates trace the creation of the master's great mural on the Spanish Civil War. Included is a long text by the Spanish poet Juan Larrea, which helps elucidate the painting's symbolism, though occasionally the interpretation seems over-subjective and cloudy.

The Lear Publishers and Curt Valentin are relatively new publishers, making their place by intelligence and devotion. Harvard University Press, on the other hand, is venerable and has long been honored wherever books are sold. This seems to me all the more reason why it and the publishing units of our other universities should maintain rigid standards of quality. They do not always do so, alas, and more than once in recent years a sloppy, inadequate, or trivial book has borne the guarantee of a leading American center of learning. This autumn, for example, Harvard has issued "Journey Into Fame" ($4.50), a life of Daniel Chester French by his daughter, Margaret French Cresson. I am not among those who find no merit in French's sculpture. Indeed, it seems to me that the man whose "Minute Man of Concord" and huge "Lincoln" in Washington have taken so deep a hold on patriotic consciousness, deserves careful attention, if primarily as a social force. But this is an inconsequential book. It is called a "personalized" biography on the jacket, by which the publishers may have intended to warn us that much of it is about the author rather than about her celebrated father. Mrs. Cresson declares at one point that her only claim to beauty was her "wealth of auburn hair" and her "pretty figure," but her smile was "sparkling," and in youth she was followed around by a "trail of Adonises." She herself became a sculptor and presently "was turning out some very capable things," and all in all it is rather surprising to read that "Margaret, [was] like her father also in not being able to talk about anything that affected her very personally." But there would be no point mentioning the book at such length if it did not carry Harvard University's imprint.

The American field in art continues to be re-explored, and of special interest among the new books is Wolfgang Born's "Still-Life Painting in America" (Oxford University Press, $7.50). Illustrated by first-rate plates, the book traces native still-life painting from the Philadelphia school of the Peales (c. 1800) down to the present. This is a fascinating display, and the nineteenth-century section has for the most part been chosen with a fine sense of quality. I would quarrel only with Mr. Born's selection of very recent artists, which he limits to Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, and Charles Sheeler—three painters once known as "The Immaculates" because of their clean, bland techniques. The author restricts himself to these men because their work fits a premise which he develops quite fully, namely, that American mechanization and love of precision point a natural direction for our painters. This is true, of course, yet machine forms have possibly inspired more European artists than American, and the thesis tends to be too confining. It leaves out of account the intense romantic heritage which flares at its brightest in Albert Pinkham Ryder; it underplays the organic exuberance that has made Frank Lloyd Wright one of the world's most imaginative architects as well as one of its foremost engineers. I share Mr. Born's admiration for Demuth, Dickinson and Sheeler, but I find many other still-life painters no less American, no less promising for future generations of artists. "Still-Life Painting in America" is, however, a rewarding book to own and to study.

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The appreciation of drawing, once considered the special diet of museum personnel and connoisseurs, is increasing steadily in this country. Three recent books should help the trend. Dr. Hans Tietze's "European Master Drawings in the United States" (J. J. Augustin, Inc., $20) reproduces 160 masterpieces of graphic art owned by American institutions and collectors—a heartening array. I have not had time to read the text in Charles E. Slatkin's and Regina Shoolman's "Treasury of American Drawings" (Oxford University Press, $7.50), but as in the case of Mr. Born's book on still-life painting, I find the choice of plates in the historical section more stimulating than in the modern, where "subject" pieces and bravura techniques seem to be emphasized at the expense of more personal kinds of draftsmanship. The latter sort of drawing is seen at a very high level of quality and strength in "Tchelitchew Drawings" (H. Bittner & Co., $12), with an illuminating text by Lincoln Kirstein. Tchelitchew, I think, is one of the finest draftsmen of the post-Picasso generation, and the present selection brings out clearly the nervous vitality and incisiveness of his line.

Moving back through the centuries, the Oxford University Press has issued two good volumes of color plates with short texts in its "Masterpieces of European Pictorial Art" series (each $6). The first is on Spain's seventeenth-century master, Velasquez, overshadowed in modern esthetic judgment by his predecessor, El Greco, but obviously one of the most dazzling virtuosi in art. The second volume is devoted to the great fifteenth-century Flemish master Rogier van der Weyden, and is well worth having if only for the details in color from the Escorial's "Descent from the Cross," a work of enormous influence throughout Europe and one of the top-ranking images in all art history.

Lastly, I should like to raise a whoop in favor of Elizabeth Gilmore Holt's "Literary Sources of Art History" (Princeton University Press, $6). The book is an anthology in English of key texts on art, covering the period from the middle of the tenth to the end of the eighteenth century. The publishers modestly describe the volume as intended for laymen and student; rather than scholars, whereas actually I think it will be of the greatest use to everyone interested in the visual arts. To those, like myself, who read comfortably only one language in addition to their own, the book is a godsend, not only for the instruction it provides, but for the surprises and lasting pleasure.

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DIARIST OF THE MIDDLE-CLASS MIND

(*Continued from page* 10)

is not merely the inadequate nature of Lewis's "scientific truth," but also his failure to project that view of a native life and character which he had linked with this ideal. Right there was the very epitome of that petty, nagging, back-biting, provincial existence which the Western scene seems to be identified with in Lewis's mind when it isn't a stereotype of the frontier or a ghastly vision of suburban standardization. So, too, the town of "Catawba" in Lewis's novels, the upstate town of Winnemac which is intended to represent the best features of an older rural and democratic society, is actually a ghost town . . . In the whole range of Lewis's work, where is there a view of life which could sustain a novelist's belief in life, or even in his own work? Perhaps this helps to explain the increasingly curious view that Lewis has taken of the Eastern metropolis itself: the accumulating references to the bohemians and anarchists, the "intellectual parasites" and "one hundred per cent mongrels" who have become the typical inhabitants of the metropolis. ("Russian Jews in London clothes," as Lewis tells us in "Dodsworth," "going to Italian restaurants with Greek waiters and African music. . . .")

In these tones of superstition, as well as in his earlier tones of naïve yearning, Lewis clearly shows his own lack of cultural roots or of any historical perspective. The country people and the city people of his tales are neither true country people nor true city people. Just as every extreme of Lewis's inner world has been eliminated, and the whole gamut of human feeling has been reduced to what you might call the medium-priced emotions, so, in his whole outward scene also, the true poles of his society have been removed—or, more accurately, perhaps, have never been established. The central dramatic conflict of Lewis's work is precisely the conflict of these inadequate—or missing—extremes: of a specious aristocracy and an almost invisible working class; of a romantic socialism and a visionary capitalism; of Westerners who are trying above all to be Easterners and of Easterners who in spite of everything are exactly like Westerners.

YET without these cultural roots or abiding human values—without a sense of either the flesh or of the mind—perpetually oscillating between such extremes, none of which are satisfactory, none of which are really imagined or felt, none of which are actually *there*, how can this writer do otherwise? Marked by a thin past and a narrow future, Lewis is indeed the Last Provincial of our letters: a provincial who wanders,

"I'll buy yours if you'll buy mine."

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homeless, between a barren and deteriorating hinterland and an increasingly appalling industrial order—a hinterland with which he feels no ties, an industrial order with which he cannot come to grips.

And it is interesting to realize just how little of the "real" United States is in the work of a writer who is so full of its manners, habits, and idioms.

I mean, of course, the United States which is actually forming and determining Lewis's whole literary world: the USA of the corporations and the cartels, as well as of the factories, the mines, and the slums, which is the source and conditioning factor of Lewis's Middle-Class Empire and his Economic Man. If Lewis's work is in the literary tradition of Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, or Upton Sinclair, what a limited view it gives us, after all, of the North American Continent, and with what a tender and tardy sort of "realism." The U.A.C. of "Dodsworth"—the Unit Automotive Corporation—is the true *deus ex machina* of Lewis's world, but, showing as he did all its consequences at the dawn of the 1920's, it was only at the outset of the 1930's, at the point when the God of the Machine was Himself temporarily out of order, that Lewis allowed himself to take another look at it. Perhaps the most violent and brutal example of Lewis's social satire in the later Twenties was directed, in "Elmer Gantry," against rural life and evangelical religion. Just as Lewis has foreshortened the whole exterior scene of his people's activity, so he ignores the basic determinants of the life which surrounds them. The real institutions of finance capitalism lie outside his world: a world of continuously worse results and no causes.

All through Lewis's work we may trace a curious transformation of that earlier and more intricate conflict of "East" and "West" which has marked the national letters. Perhaps never before has the familiar and uneasy artistic search for the cultivated and aristocratic "Eastern" life been so swiftly and surely transposed into the search for financial security and the material consequences of wealth. But what Lewis has done is to *bourgeoisize* this whole cultural conflict too; to make it completely middle-class, to remove both the upper and lower limits of this search—to reduce it all again to another formula where the "East" simply means a little more money and the "West" a little less money: where the Easterners are the people who have got the money, and the Westerners are the people who are going to get the money.

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after all; Zenith, which is in itself an in-between world, a by-product of the cartels, a psychological suburb of the new money society in America which lives on financial sufferance as well as on the nationally advertised brands—this middle world of derived goods and derived values which is actually the whole world of Lewis's literary achievement. Perhaps we can now appreciate the fascination of hotel life for Lewis, from the Una Golden of "The Job" who found her salvation in running the White Line Chain to the Myron Teagle of "Work of Art" whose lifelong aspiration is to manage the Perfect Inn. To Zenith's Child, at any rate, a good hotel is all that home should be. . . .

Here, too, we can appreciate Lewis's curious relationship with the Younger Generation. In the last of the broken antitheses which form the real dialectic of Lewis's work, we have noticed how the writer who has sought after "youth" most fervently hardly expresses it with the greatest conviction. How prematurely sober Lewis's typical young people are, and how perennially gauche and infantile his adults are: almost as though, never having had a true youth, they can never achieve a true maturity. You might almost say that the typical Lewis hero is an adolescent with a paunch—and in this respect rather like those Western settlements which have jumped from crude hamlets to ersatz cities, Lewis's people are reflecting the broken life-line of the Middle-Class Empire itself—that Empire, I mean, whose own youth in America was capped by a hurried and frantic maturity, and for whose brief flourishing Lewis has been forced, in "The Prodigal Parents," to substitute a mythical and timeless splendor.

Although Lewis's realism does not in the end compare with either Dreiser's or Dos Passos's, although his values are quite inadequate when compared with Willa Cather's or Sherwood Anderson's, there is a curious sort of solidity in his work, a fundamental sense of human decency, and a fundamental human perversity which is at the base of any mature individualism. It isn't, moreover, that Lewis is not always serious about the craft of a novelist. It is simply that he doesn't always know how serious the craft of a novelist can be.

So all Lewis's wit and eloquence and artistic vitality operates in a sort of intellectual vacuum in the end. You could say that the whole import of Lewis's work shows that he has learned nothing, answered nothing, solved nothing: that those Lewis characters who, in his first novels, left the West for an imaginary East are the same characters who leave the East for the imaginary West of his last novels; and that Lewis himself, like most typical figures, is the Eternal Amateur of the national letters.

The point isn't that Lewis lives so completely in illusion. This is one of the prime sources of an artist's power and one of the reasons why Lewis's work, for all its limitations, has its own appalling validity. The point is that the illusion which nourished Lewis was so inadequate, and in the last analysis so transient. . . . For the Happy End to Lewis's unhappy historical vision—the vision of Middle-Class Bliss which marks the entire last period of Lewis's work—came at almost the precise historical moment that marked the crack-up of the Middle-Class Empire in America; at least in its first natural exuberant form. And if Lewis sees clearly enough the failure of the Horatio Alger tradition in American life, it is just as true that the brand of economic individualism for which he yearns was, almost from the very start of his career, more of a vestigial than a vital force in his society: even then, in the dawning age of the cartels, a myth and a memory of the past.

And doesn't George F. Babbitt himself, the Grand Mogul of the Middle-Class Empire, take on an added glory simply because he was allowed such a brief span on history's moving stage? The dupe of time as well as of the great American fortunes, Lewis's single big creation is a pathetic clown

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in truth. The clock goes faster in the United States, too fast for both Lewis's many-volumed diary of the economic man and for the diarist too. . . . And it is interesting that the cultural lag in Lewis's work should be so marked: that just as the real social forces of his time are placed for the most part quite outside of his literary scene, so the real social changes of his time are reflected so cursorily and so late. The ordinary mark of a first-rank author is that his writing is generally in some degree ahead of its time; the typical characteristic of Lewis's writing is that it is generally, to a marked degree, behind its time. Very likely this is the final key to Lewis's achievement—the key which opens the secret chamber in this otherwise absolutely uninspiring middle-class mansion.

For it would appear that Lewis's whole literary world, so extraordinarily prosaic for the most part, so lacking in subtleties and shadows; a world of perpetual daytime, on which night, with its enigmas and mysteries, never falls—that this whole uniquely commonplace literary universe of Lewis's *is* in the end haunted by the sense of its own reality. This is also a middle class which is essentially without a home life, without children, without religion, and, finally, without an economic status to speak of: a middle class which is without all the historical props of a middle class, and which, hardly established in power, has every appearance of dissolving—including the escape into a dream world of the middle class. . . . At any rate, that is the impression that Sinclair Lewis's work leaves with us, as it turns from the barricades to the Land of Faery, while the true and final fascination of his own career, as we have noticed, is the degree to which he has become identified with the illusions of this class.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER AT THE MARDI GRAS *Elisabet M. Stone* (Sheridan House: $3)	New Orleans girl-reporter with own ideas about "routine murder and suicide" plays detective until police rescue her from crazed slayer.	Heroine's super-abundant vitality and brashness keep yarn rolling—but criminal emerges almost as little man who wasn't there.	Fair
CHARLESTON MURDERS *Edited by Beatrice St J. Ravenel* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3)	Seven cases of Southern discomfort exhumed from musty and recent records by six Southrons and one Yank.	Liberally splashed with Ca'lina color, enlivened with such monikers as Rumpty Rattles, amply incarnadined—and frequently overwritten.	Informative
IN A LONELY PLACE *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloane & Pearce: $2.50)	Ex-flier with recurring mania helps former service pal, now California detective, investigate unexplainable stranglings of sundry, pretty unfortunates.	Done without clinical trappings, this is excellently written and chilling study of periodic blood-lust. You may even pity the guy.	For strong nerves
THE TWISTED MIRROR *Leonard Lee* (Ziff-Davis: $1.98)	Amoral, ambitious, and persistent murderer terrifies California coast town until young newspaper-owner makes discovery that confounds energetic police lieut.	Although plot badly sprains one of Cardinal Rules, tale has certain amount of veracity, speed, and capacity crowd of corpses.	Average
ENDURING OLD CHARMS *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2)	Cradle-snatched husband of rich, middle-aged widow plans her death but suspicious spouse beats him to it.	Gradual collapse of spring-autumn mating of two unpleasant people realistically portrayed and capped by "poetic" justice" ending with real kick.	Grim—but good
CLEVELAND MURDERS *Edited by Oliver Weld Bayer* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3)	Seven Ohio *causes célèbres*, from honor-slaying of 1870 to "torso murders" of 1935-38, chronicled by Cleveland newspapermen, lawyers, etc.	Competently written accounts of variety of solved and unsolved homicides. Another interesting, though generally unspectacular, chapter in metropolitan American crime.	Fair

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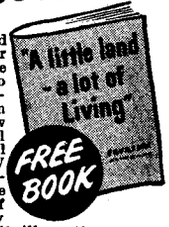

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
SCHUMAN, SYMPHONY FOR STRINGS (1943). Concert Hall String Symphony, Schenkman. Concert Hall A 11 (2 *pl.*) (Subscription)	A "soft" recording; not much edge to strings. Matter of room acoustics, apparently.	AA+	(*See below*) Concert Hall assembles its own string group. Vigorous playing, sometimes too muscular for my taste, alive and expressive nevertheless.
TCHAIKOVSKY, SYMPHONY #1. Santa Monica Symph. Rachmilovitch. Disc 801 (4) $6.14	Wide range, good technical quality, but unfortunate acoustics: Hollywood studio style, dead. Pickup nice for individual instruments. Not too bad, this job.	A (congrats!)	This completes the 6 symphonies on records. Plenty hot air, but good deal is worth hearing too, notably 2nd mvt. No question R. has a fine orch, is a vital, alive conductor.
MOZART, HORN CONCERTO #4, K.495. Dennis Brain, Hallé Orchestra. Columbia X 285 (2) $3.35	On soft side compared with similar U. S. recordings. Ideal balance, solo and orch.	A	First - rate addition to father Aubrey Brains #3 in same key (K.447, V M829). "Routine" Mozart, but top quality, making mild fun of a clumsy instrument.
MOZART. CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Reginald Kerr. Philharmonia String Quartet. Columbia M 702 (4) $5.85	Muffled in highs. OK if not looking for brilliance. Low turnover makes for tubbiness on unadjustable machine. Beautiful balance, tone.	A to A—	An impeccable performance, easier, more natural than old Benny Goodman version. A work all Mozart collectors must own.

SCHUMAN SYNTHESIS

THE SCHUMAN symphony above is interesting as a mark of progress in the coming-together of the home-spun American style of contemporary music and the great European tradition, carried on alike by Europeans and the "Internationalists" of the American school.

It is not so much a matter of outward style I am thinking about, but rather that most difficult tangible of music, what musicians and higher theorists call "line." Schuman's music, consonant or dissonant (Roy Harris's too), has featured in spite of outward counterpoint a non-linear approach, a block-like use of tone-clusters, poly-chords built upon ordinary triads, in patterns that give more contrast of harmonic tone, more strength of mood, than genuine inner continuity of musical line. Frequently this structure is tonally arbitrary, rather than organic. Here is an accepted and powerful school of composition no doubt, but with clear contrasts to the linear dissonance (and consonance) of the current masters of the "European approach."

In this fifth of Schuman's symphonies as in the later "Undertow" it is apparent that Schuman is moving towards a farther sense of line. His music, concurrently, has grown deeper, his style more clear, and his speech concentrated. But here, though the piled-up dissonant triads are still Schumanesque, there is a heightened relationship between them; the music, still non-contrapuntal in spite of much counterpoint, still moves in blocks of tone—but there is legitimacy to the movement. Schuman is "groping" for a way to maintain the solid American language and yet to move towards the higher technique and more fundamental organization of the European tradition.

It can be said minus prejudice that there is more to be done before Schuman attains the absolute ease and mastery of tonal organization of Bartók, Stravinsky, Hindemith, even Prokofieff. But even so, music like this makes a long stride towards the ultimate synthesis of a wholly American music, absolutely top-flight.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

INTERPRETATION OF AUTUMN

LIKE multiplying gossip
The leaves fall;
Now singularly,
Now in dozens,
While the children in their schoolrooms
Look out through the cold windows
And plan ahead
For Halloween.

Heavily, in the back yards,
The McIntoshes weigh their apple weight
On the quickened night
And wait: fearless fatalists,
And from the smells and feelings
Of fall, mature boys recall iron memories
Of last year.
The old people watch and wait,
Expecting nothing extraordinary,
Nothing disastrous, but even then . . .
(And the leaves, like multiplying gossip, fall:
Now singularly,
Now in dozens.)

RICHARD GILLMAN.

* * *

I present to you the ensuing university commentary:

> The following effusion vividly portrays the wit-wanderings of a young graduate student at Princeton, faced with the obligation of walking a mile or more from his comfortable room in Merwick to the habitat of the philosophy teacher in Patton Hall. To "pole," in the accepted terminology of the campus, means to study.

ON TO PATTON

OR

Philosophia Vincit

On to Patton, through the twilight of a winter's dawning day,
Through the drifts, a simple student, wan and weary, plods his way.
Bitter cold the wintry weather, white the ground beneath his feet;
Whiteness everywhere about him: hail and snow and storm and sleet.

Eddying whirl the flakes around him, blindingly they sting his face,
Ever falling thicker, faster, in a mad, unceasing race.
"On to Patton," is his watchword, "On to Patton, ne'er despair,"
(But he spoke these words in Latin) "My preceptor, he is there!
I must tell him of the Stoics (for philosophy's his theme),
Speak of Zeno and Cleanthes, dwell at length upon their scheme:
How their system was monistic, realistic—yes, and more,
Even though materialistic, pantheistic at its core!
Would that *I* were apathetic, as the Stoics longed to be!"
Thus the student; but the weather froze his face; he could not see.
"No, perhaps with Epicurus it is best to hold my view,
For 'tis better to be nothing than to freeze, I think—don't you?"

Thus his learned observations he addressed to empty air;
He discussed the void, and atoms, while the snowflakes grayed his hair—
Teleology rejected, fatalism overthrown,
Individual action standards—the Chief Good his very own.

"Now if virtue lay in pleasure, were my happiness the goal,
I'd not go to this preceptor in the snow; I would not pole!
Perish such unworthy thinking! Through the snow, the sleet, the hail,
'On to Patton!' be my watchword; let Philosophy prevail!"

* * *

OLD AND NEW

The ex-wives,
Of Hollywood males,
Tell the new wives,
Old Wives' Tales.

RUTH CLOVER.

* * *

I am glad to give space to the following letter which comes from Eve Walters of Wollaston, Mass., and concerns "the light of other days":

> I was delighted with your article of August 2, concerning the 1886 copy of *The Century*, because I have several copies of the *Magazine of American History, Illustrated* of 1885, and the ads in the back pages are almost identical. There is no "Health Braided Dress Form," but instead under the heading "Dress Reform" is advertised the Equipoise Waist, Ladies 2.25; Misses, 1.75; high-necked, padded, and boned—it surely was indestructible, too! And the "jersey fitting undergarments—scarlet or white all-wool!" Regular firemen's longies, no less, and in scarlet, too!

Then there is the lovely ad: "The Enemy Routed! Marvels of Electricity. Dr. Jerome Kidder's Family Electro-Medical Apparatus. Diseases Conquered," with an illustration of a little square box and wires, one ending in a little battery-like thing, the other in a sponge, and the claim that it would "restore the electrical equilibrium of diseased parts of organs."

And James McCreery advertising a sale of "Summer silks, louisiennes, chenes, ormure glaces"—whatever in the world such materials might be!

The articles in the July 1885 issue: "Washington in March and April 1861," "Beginnings of the Civil War in America," "Military Affairs of New York State in 1861," "The Seizure and Reduction of Fort Pulaski," etc., pale into insignificance (to me) beside this letter in "Replies" by an A. R. Spofford of Washington, dated June 1, 1885: "The earliest use of O.K. of which I find trace was said to have been General Jackson's fashion of endorsing applications for office—he having been a bad speller and intending the abbreviation as the initial letters of 'oll korrect.' This attributing the origin of the long familiar equivalents in popular parlance of 'all right' to Jackson is said to have come from Major Jack Downing. . . . Mr. George Bancroft (to whom I put the query in a two-hours' saddle trip on Sunday) says that some time in the Forties the Democrats, twitted by the Whigs with illiteracy, adopted the 'OK' phrase thrown at them in scorn, and laughed it into general vogue." I had surely not heard of this explanation before—ok the parlance of the prize-ring, indeed!

In the April 1885 issue, besides such things as "The Framers of the Constitution," by the editor herself, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb (who was she, anyway, to have swung such an important post in that day?) and "Jefferson as a Naturalist," by Frederic N. Luther, there is, among "Societies" this strange notice: "Aryan Order of America—Persons wishing to attend this summer assemblage of this order at Portland during July 1885, should communicate with the Herald-Marshal-General. The purpose of the meeting is to devise means for the establishment of a Herald's College for the benefit of families of historic lineage in the United States and British America, the formation of American Heraldry proper, the recognition of honorable merit in the historic arts and sciences by means of decorations, and the promotion of ethical representation in society." British Americans—what strange die-hards were these, Fascists of another day?

Book Notices in the issue included "Ludlow's Concentric Chart of History," by James Ludlow, D.D., Funk and Wagnalls, 2.00, and the review says, "This ingenious device for the aid of student and general reader is arranged in thirty segments turning on a common center, each seven by ten inches in size. The whole chart can be taken in one hand like a fan, and the history of a nation and its great events spread before the eye at a glance, and the scene changed from country

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to country at will." (Might be an idea for slow-witted schoolchildren —to fan themselves into a little knowledge?) Also "My Lady Pokahontas, A True Revelation of Virginia. Writ by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim. With notes by John Esten Cooke, Houghton Mifflin and Co." The review urges all to read it, "no matter how much we have been taught to discredit the account of the episode in which the Indian Princess saved the life of Captain Smith." That argument, pro and con, is the basis for many letters in these issues. Another matter that seems to have engaged a great deal of attention was, "How brave was the New York Seventh Regiment in the Civil War?" with a laudatory article in the July issue by Brig. Gen. Egbert L. Viele, which occasioned such replies as this from "Regular Army": "Was the 'Gallant Seventh Regiment' ever under fire during the Civil War? If so, I should like to know, when and where? They returned home before the battle of Bull Run, in which the rest of the New York militia participated, and during their subsequent services 'at the front,' were they not careful to keep away from danger?" Another letter says, "The Seventh Regiment dug dirt for two hours at Fort Runyon, then returned to Washington, and for this received more credit than we got." Burning issues of the day, yet how wonderful it would be if that were all we had to worry about today!

I have also a *St. Nicholas* of October 1877, containing "Haroun Al Raschid" by Henry W. Longfellow, and one of the sweetest child's stories I have ever read: "The Little Girl Who Grew Smaller," by Emily H. Leland. . . . But the most hilarious (Heaven forgive me) are the religious tracts, published from 1834 to 1838 by the Episcopal Female Tract Society of Philadelphia, with such titles as "The Consolations of Grace in the Season of Trial," "The Wickedness and Folly of Duelling," "Directions for Making a Will," and "Baptism; a dialogue between Pastor and Father." What rhetoric that is!

Rereading recently "Hedri; or Blind Justice," a paper-covered novel by Helen Mathers (author or "Found Out," "Cherry Ripe," "Story of a Sin,") published in 1889 by Frank F. Lovell and Company, 142 and 144 Worth Street, New York, I couldn't help thinking that it stood up very well indeed to any modern murder mystery. Discounting the luridly melodramatic style—delightful—its plot was no better or worse than the average mystery of today.

. . . I should not have gone on at such length, but as I said, your article did please me, and so I dug out these relics which a friend of mine, settling an estate as social secretary at an old town house in New York, gave me at the time. There was really quite a treasure trove of ancient literature but I believe she donated it to various libraries. (I should not have said, "settling the estate," rather, getting things in order—what an attic that was!)

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

NEW EDITIONS

READING history, as the woman in search of culture remarked some years ago, is a sad business, because all the characters in the story die; but it affords innocent pleasures, as well as educational benefits, and among the pleasures is that of recognition. In the bottomless pool of the past, we see our own faces; traversing the centuries, we meet men and events, problems and attempted solutions, that could be neatly fitted under the newspaper headlines of today and yesterday. And the experience is enlightening, if we do not insist upon mistaking resemblance for identity.

When H. J. Haskell, editor of the *Kansas City Star*, living in the midst of recent governmental experiments, looked back at ancient Rome, the shock of recognition moved him to compose a lively historical work, which was published in 1939, and which is now available in a revised edition (Knopf, $3.50). "The New Deal in Old Rome" is its provocative title, and one that fairly indicates Mr. Haskell's basic theme, for he is concerned chiefly with instances of governmental intervention in Roman economic life: *e.g.*, the Licinian laws, which included a moratorium on debts, a Small Holdings Act, and a Farm-Labor Act; the attempted experiments of the Gracchi (Ever Normal Granary, Resettlement Administration, PWA); the PWA of Julius Caesar and Augustus; Tiberius's Home Owner's Loan Corporation; Domitian's AAA; the Farm Credit Administration of Nerva and Trajan; and control of wages and prices under Diocletian.

The title does not tell the whole story, however, for Mr. Haskell has really provided a refresher course in Roman economic history, from the earliest days of the Republic to the end of the Western Empire, written in a breezy style that gives a popular coating to the pill of learning. This is a worth-while book which should, while performing other services, make many readers pray for the continuation in this country of a strong and multitudinous middle class; the more inclusive the better.

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas corpora," sang Ovid long ago; and now, nineteen hundred and forty years later, A. C. Spectorsky repeats the declaration: "I am determined to tell of bodies changed into new forms." But Mr. Spectorsky is content to function only as an editor, to let others speak for him, and the result is "Man Into Beast" (Doubleday, $3.75), an anthology containing ten tales of metamorphosis, furnished with a brief editorial preface. It is a good anthology, for its maker has been able to draw on genuine literary, as well as imaginative, talent; and his choices are, with one possible exception, admirable. (It seems a mistake to have printed the stories of Hugh Walpole and Dorothy Sayers one after the other, for their endings are almost identical; but that is my only complaint.) Chief among Mr. Spectorsky's exhibits are Isak Dinesen's wonderfully evil tale, "The Monkey," Kafka's powerfully ugly "Metamorphosis," and Ben Hecht's absorbing excursion into fantasy, "The Adventures of Professor Emmett." But these are well supported by the tales of Saki, John Collier, Stephen Vincent Benét, Robert Ayre, Theodore Pratt, and the overlapping pair mentioned above.

Man has always been fascinated by the possibility of his kind being transformed into animals, trees, and other living forms; and during many periods of his history it is a possibility in which he has firmly believed. I can promise that readers of "Man Into Beast" will be fascinated, too; and I suspect that they will even find it hard, such is the hypnotic skill of some of these writers, to hold belief at a distance.

For many of us "Tortilla Flat" remains our favorite "Steinbeck." So it is good to meet Danny and his friends again, with something added. This something consists of seventeen oils, by Peggy Worthington (Viking, $6). The artist has steeped herself in Steinbeck's text, and has absorbed the light and colors of Monterey. She has painted boldly, and her sentiment chimes with her author's. . . . Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" has also found a sympathetic and satisfying illustrator, in Douglas W. Gorsline. And a lavish one, for Mr. Gorsline provides more than a hundred spirited drawings for the new edition of Wolfe's first book (Scribner's, $5). This handsome volume, with its beautifully legible type, tempts me to return to a novel which did not speak as eloquently to me as it did to many others, back in 1929.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

YOUNG MAN, resident of Minnesota would like job doing research work or analogous lines in either said state or immediate geographical territory. Free to travel. Box 972-W.

OLD THEATRE POSTERS, programs, maps, prints, valentines, scrapbook pictures, cards, sold at this store. Sorry, no catalog. Brandon, 852 Lexington Ave. near 64 St., N.Y.C.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

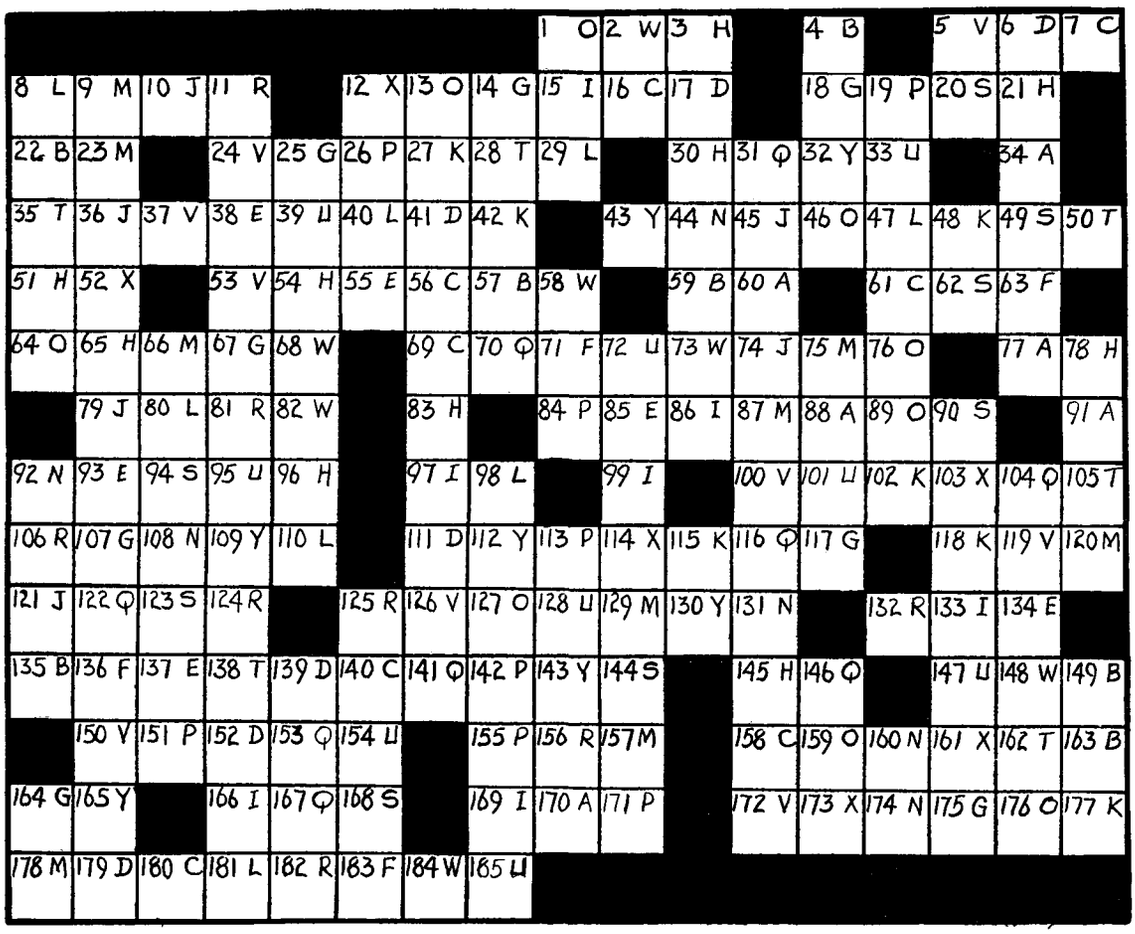
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The Hittite language.	170 34 60 77 88 91
B. In actual words as opposed to code (of diplomatic messages; Fr. expression).	57 22 163 149 4 59 135
C. Shakespeare's home in Stratford (1598-1616).	180 56 61 69 7 140 158 16
D. Italian actress of tragic parts (1822-1906).	111 6 17 139 152 41 179
E. Squealed (underworld slang).	134 85 137 93 38 55
F. The cast of six in dicing.	63 183 71 136
G. The final or crowning part.	175 164 14 18 67 25 107 117
H. Ascending rivers from the sea, at certain seasons, for breeding, as shad, salmon (zool.).	83 54 145 21 3 78 30 51 65 96
I. The south temperate marine realm, bounded by the southern isocrymes of 68° and 44° F. (biogeog.).	133 97 169 99 86 15 166
J. Editor of "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" (1919; 1847-1929).	74 36 79 121 10 45
K. Wide-open, as a chasm, cleft, etc.	42 48 118 102 177 115 27
L. Finally; in spite of contrary considerations (2 wds.).	181 98 47 80 29 40 8 110
M. A fossil shell found extensively in limestone formations (paleontol.).	178 9 87 66 23 75 129 120 157

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Novel by George Meredith (1879; with "The").	44 131 92 160 174 108
O. A cheese originally made in France of ewe's milk and ripened in caves.	159 13 64 46 76 1 89 176 127
P. Trifling.	142 151 113 19 84 171 26 155
Q. A library in the British Museum owned by and named for an English antiquary (1571-1631).	116 70 146 141 122 167 104 31 153
R. After a long period (2 wds.).	132 182 81 106 11 125 124 156
S. Nestling, esp. lying free in a cavity (bot.).	90 94 168 123 20 62 144 49
T. Environment; setting (Fr.).	105 162 35 50 28 138
U. Red squirrels (named from a food they eat).	33 154 185 101 147 128 95 39 72
V. Commander of Greeks in victory over Persians at Marathon (490 B.C.).	5 53 24 37 119 150 172 126 100
W. Conservative, as a party in politics (comp.).	2 148 58 82 73 184 68
X. Left complete or entire.	173 52 103 114 12 161
Y. Italian anatomist known for discoveries of functions and structure of the nervous system, esp. the brain (1773-1831).	43 112 165 109 130 32 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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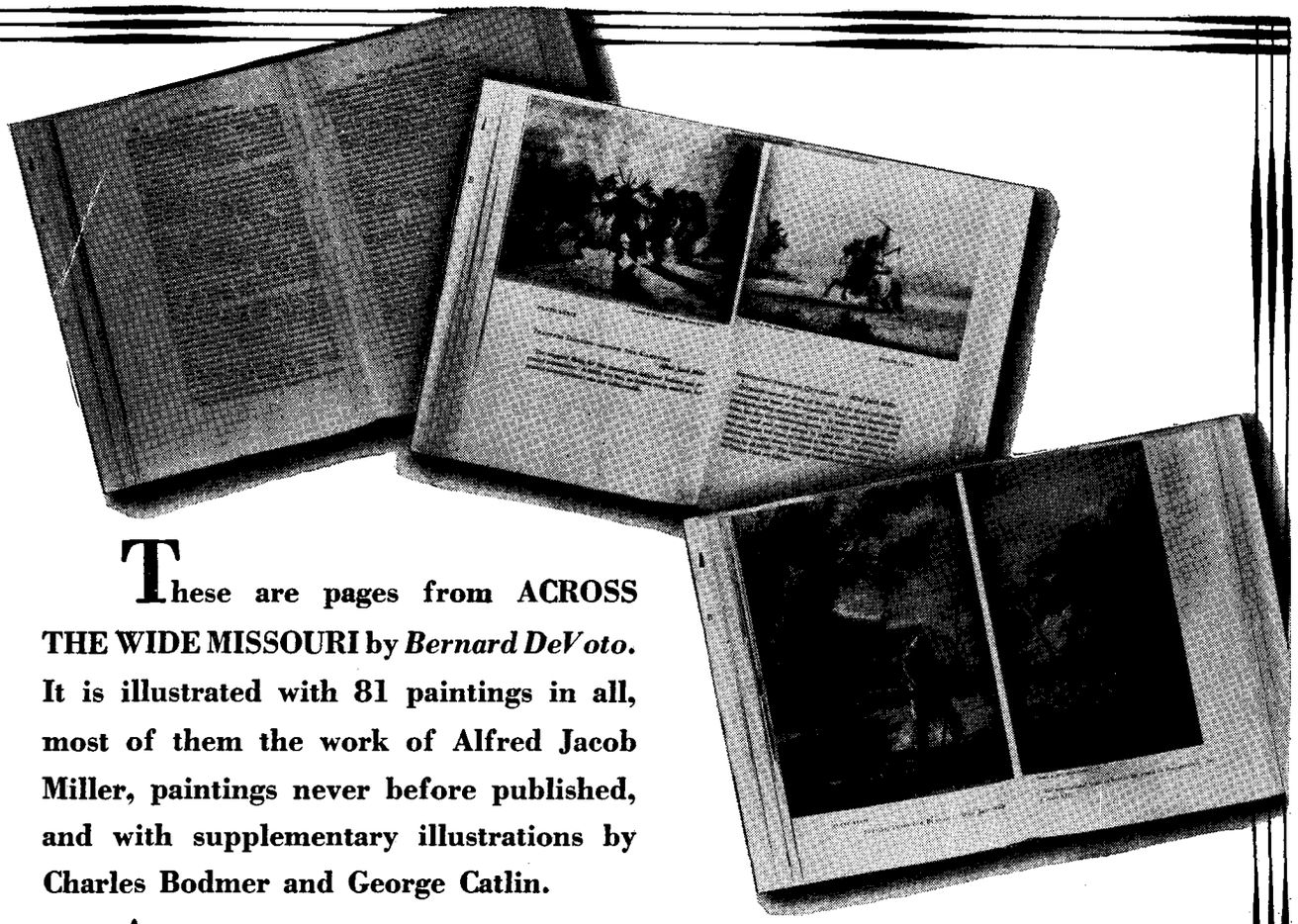

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